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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music that he hears, however measured and far away." — Henry David Thoreau

#206



VOYEURISM

HAS TO BE ABOUT THE BROADEST "ISM" THERE IS IN THE SEXUAL REALM. IS WATCHING THE GUY NEXT DOOR PUMP IRON BEING A VOYEUR? HOW ABOUT WATCHING HIM PUMP HIS COCK?

WHERE IS THE LINE BETWEEN AN OVER-LINGERING GLANCE AND DOWNRIGHT PEEPING TOM-ERY? IS WATCHING PORN VOYEURISM? OR CRUISING? IS VOYEURISM READING THIS MAGAZINE? BY DEFINITION, VOYEURISM IS PUBLIC SEX. THE KICKER IS HOW YOU (AND HOW YOUR LOCAL AUTHORITIES) DEFINE SEX AND DEFINE PUBLIC.

THE DICTIONARY SUMS IT UP IN JUST ONE COMMAND: SEE EXHIBITIONISM.

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TOUGH GUYS TAKE THE DIVE

THE DIVE



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DIVE CLASSIFIEDS

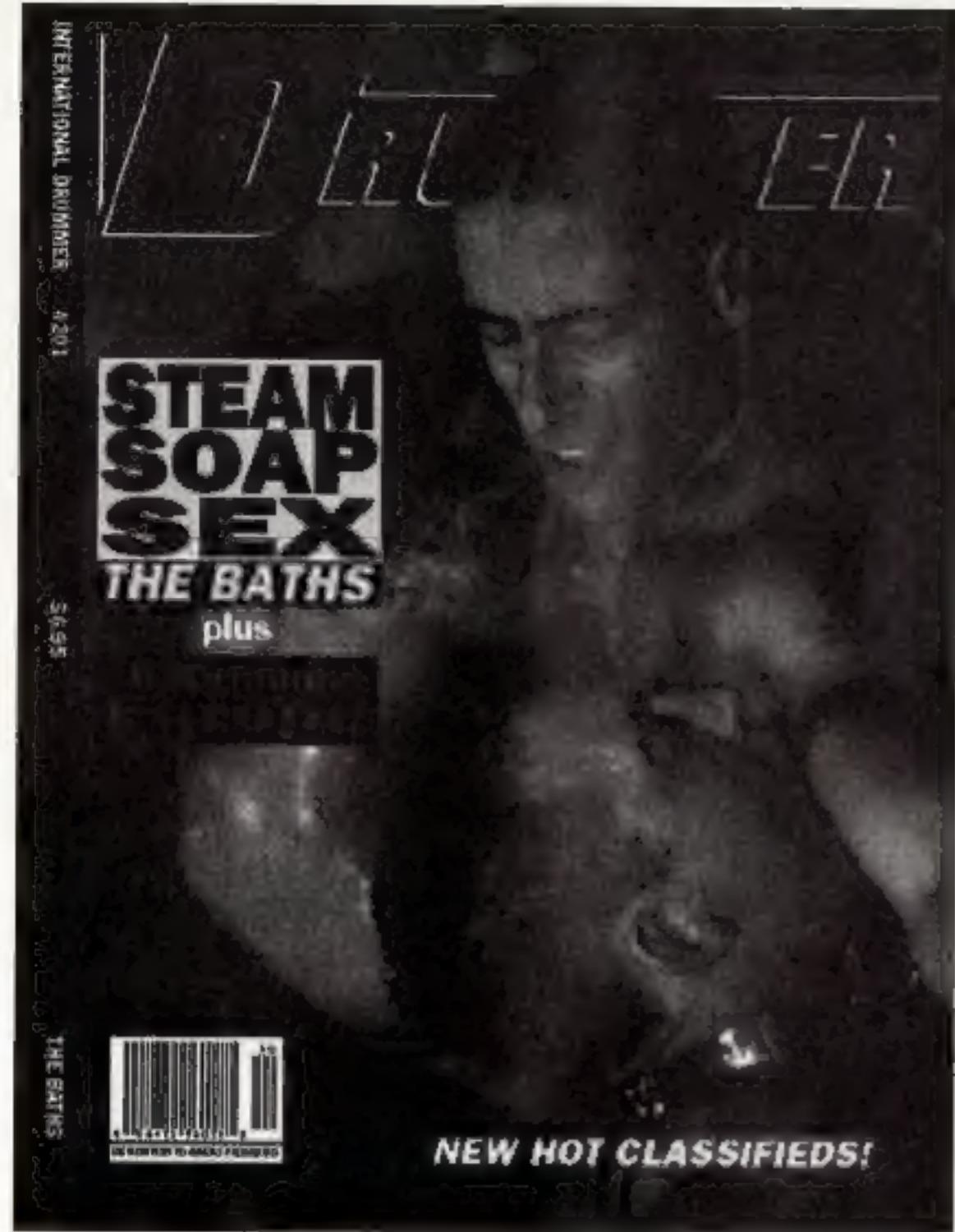
Connected to Drummer and Drummer Tough Customer classifieds.

Finally, the most recognised name in getting together the roughest, horniest men for raw sex comes to cyberspace. Drummer's new website puts to sea in May with a full compliment of news, sex and subsurface links. Constantly changing, hot features will keep your torpedo ready to fire! Choose cruising depth or dive for all the action!

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Send letters to the Editor to: Drummer, P.O. Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141 or Email to: DrummHQ@slip.net.



Opening A Scanner Worms

I regularly buy, read, and enjoy Drummer magazine. I would like to comment on the piece "Gym Jock" from Palm Drive Video (issue #204, Rough Trade Tricks). Is this a contest to see how bad you can make the magazine look? You won! Oh, and the Tough Tricks piece from the Drummer Archives? Please lay off the "sharpness filter", or if that isn't it, get a better scanner. That gritty/edgy look is perfect for a beginner's web page, not an international magazine.

G K
Cyberspace

ED. Yes, actually it was a contest and you won! You are now eligible to send us a new scanner. Our address is 2354 Market St., Top Floor, SF, CA 94103. Thanks so much, we can't wait.

Drunk on Cum

Thanks for the great review of our obscene zine, DOC (Drunk On Cum)

INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER
4/201

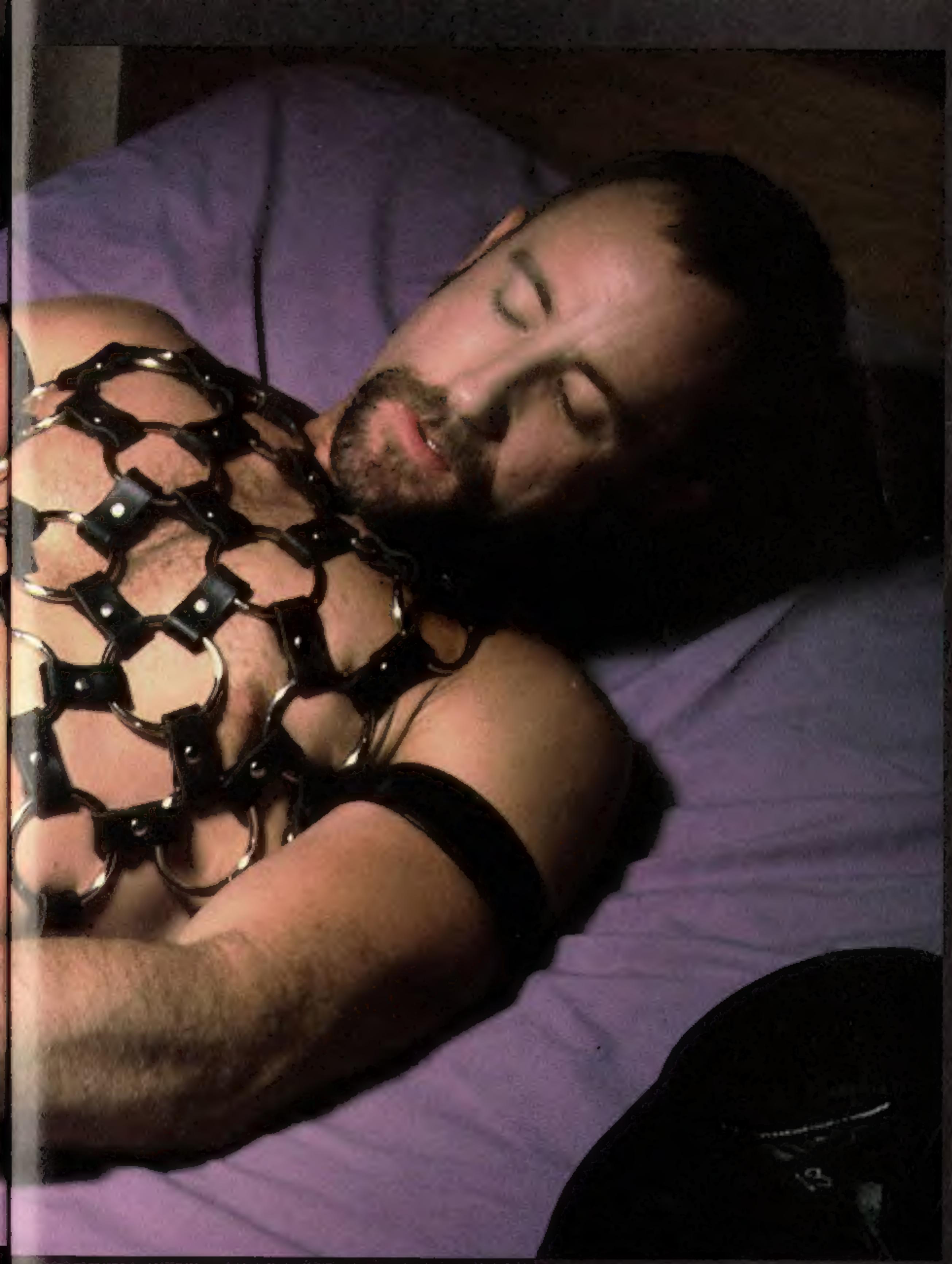
INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER
REBATES

Watch and Learn, boy

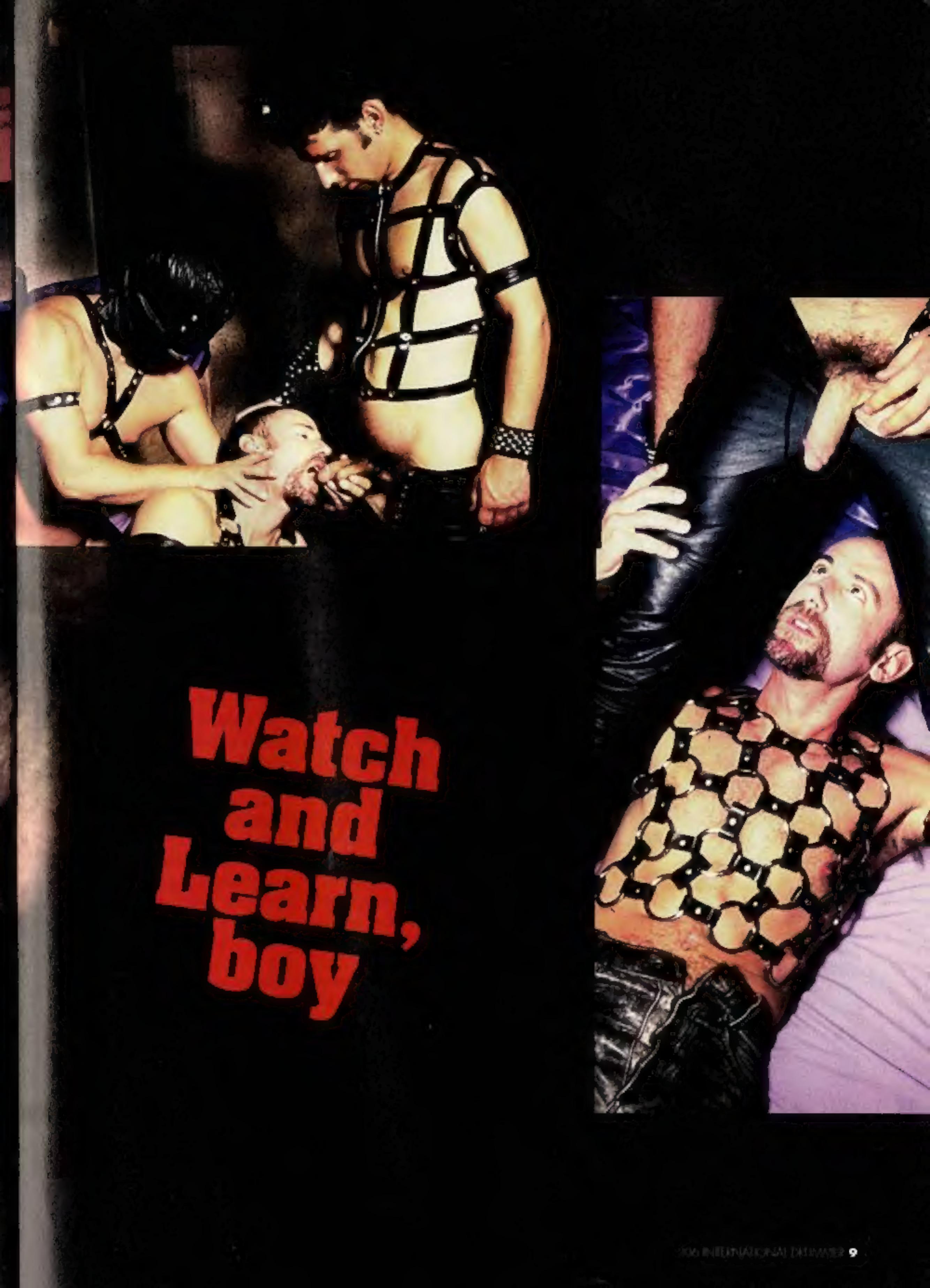


Photos from "the Leather Training Center" Oh, Man! Studios

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A large photograph at the top left shows a shirtless man in a black leather harness with a belt and shoulder straps. He is leaning over another man who is lying face down. The man on top has his mouth open and appears to be biting or pulling at the other man's neck. A small inset photograph in the bottom right corner shows a close-up of a man's face. He has a beard and mustache and is wearing a dark, textured harness or cage harness around his neck and chest. He is looking upwards with a intense expression.

**Watch
and
Learn,
boy**

From Hardball to Handball

PORN REVIEWS BY CHRISTOPHER J. HOGAN



Ayers and Jeffries in TARGET FOR TORMENT.

Target for Torment

A Projex Video (produced in association with Close-Up Productions). Directed by Steven Walker. Starring Doug Jeffries, Ethan-Michael Ayers, Drew Andrews, and Dave Russel. To order write Close-Up Productions, P.O. Box 691658, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

Projex Video straddles the line between mainstream and underground. They produce some of the most widely distributed raunch videos. Unlike other hard-core companies, Projex manages to get some of the bigger names in gay porn to perform in their videos.

The four stars of "Target for Torment," Doug Jeffries, Ethan-Michael Ayers, Drew Andrews, and Dave Russel, have all been featured in videos by the major gay studios. Unfortunately, the trade off for having recognizable names in the credits seems to be watering down the sex. Projex has given us some very hot, raunchy videos. It seems, however, that the bigger the stars are the less intense the action is.

"Target for Torment" has a lot of

promise. The first sex scene between Jeffries and Ayers begins after Jeffries overhears Ayers talking to his boyfriend on the phone. Ayers - who has a fantastic tough but cute look - tells his lucky mate (played by Russel) how much he wants to get fucked. Jeffries decides not to let the opportunity pass him by and tells Ayers that he would be happy to do the fucking. Ayers declines, so we have the perfect set up for a domination/rape fantasy.

Things begin just fine. Jeffries is abusive, and Ayers resists. Handsome, hunky Jeffries gets rough with the boy. At one point, he even has Ayers bound to a step ladder with duct tape. Then, everything changes. The scene goes from rough and nasty to boring (though enthusiastic) vanilla sex. All of the energy drains out of the scene which then drags on for much too long.

The second (and final) scene featuring Russel and Andrews falls apart even more quickly. Sure Russel straps Andrews down on a truly ingenious table and then proceeds to inflict some mild abuse. There is, however, almost no real power

dynamic here. Russel and Andrews really look like two porn stars walking through the paces of a "wild" scene. It's too bad. Both are quite attractive, and it would be great to see them get down and dirty.

Handball Marathon II & III

Pig Play Productions. Produced and directed by Casey Richards. Part II stars Buck Hammer, Jarod Clark, Wolf, Anthony Gallo, and Tony Dark. Part III stars Mark Everett, Buck Hammer, Max Stone, Rip Stone, Cory Taylor, Devon Thomas, Joe Potter, Dane DeMarco, and Rusty. To order contact: Master Entertainment at 415-695-7938; RoE Gallery at 415-252-1198; or New York Leatherman at 212-243-5339.

First, you do not need to see "Handball Marathon Part I" to understand the plot of its two sequels. There are no plots. There is just a whole lot of butt play and other raunchy sex. Fisting is, not surprisingly, the focus of both "Handball Marathon Part II" and "Part III."

While both videos were filmed in real sex clubs, they show a fantasy of a se-

club scene rather than the reality. All the men are big, beefy, and handsome, and they are all into very kinky, very public sex. Finally, most of them can take a hell of a lot up their butts. When was the last time you visited a sex club and the rest of the clientele was like that?

If you are a true fisting aficionado, you will want to check out "Handball Marathon Part II" and "Part III." Either one has more nasty ass play than all of the videos Falcon has produced in the last year combined.

If you can take fisting or leave it, you should still check out "Part III." It is one of the best all-around raunch videos to come out in a long time. Its cast is stronger than the cast of "Part II" in most part because it is much larger. "Part III" also features a few "A list" porn stars including the oddly good looking Max Stone and the ever-gorgeous Rip Stone (no relation).

One small complaint is that Rip Stone does not take anything up his butt in this video as we have seen him do in other videos. Mark Everett, Pig Play Productions rising star, also makes a splendid appearance in "Part III."

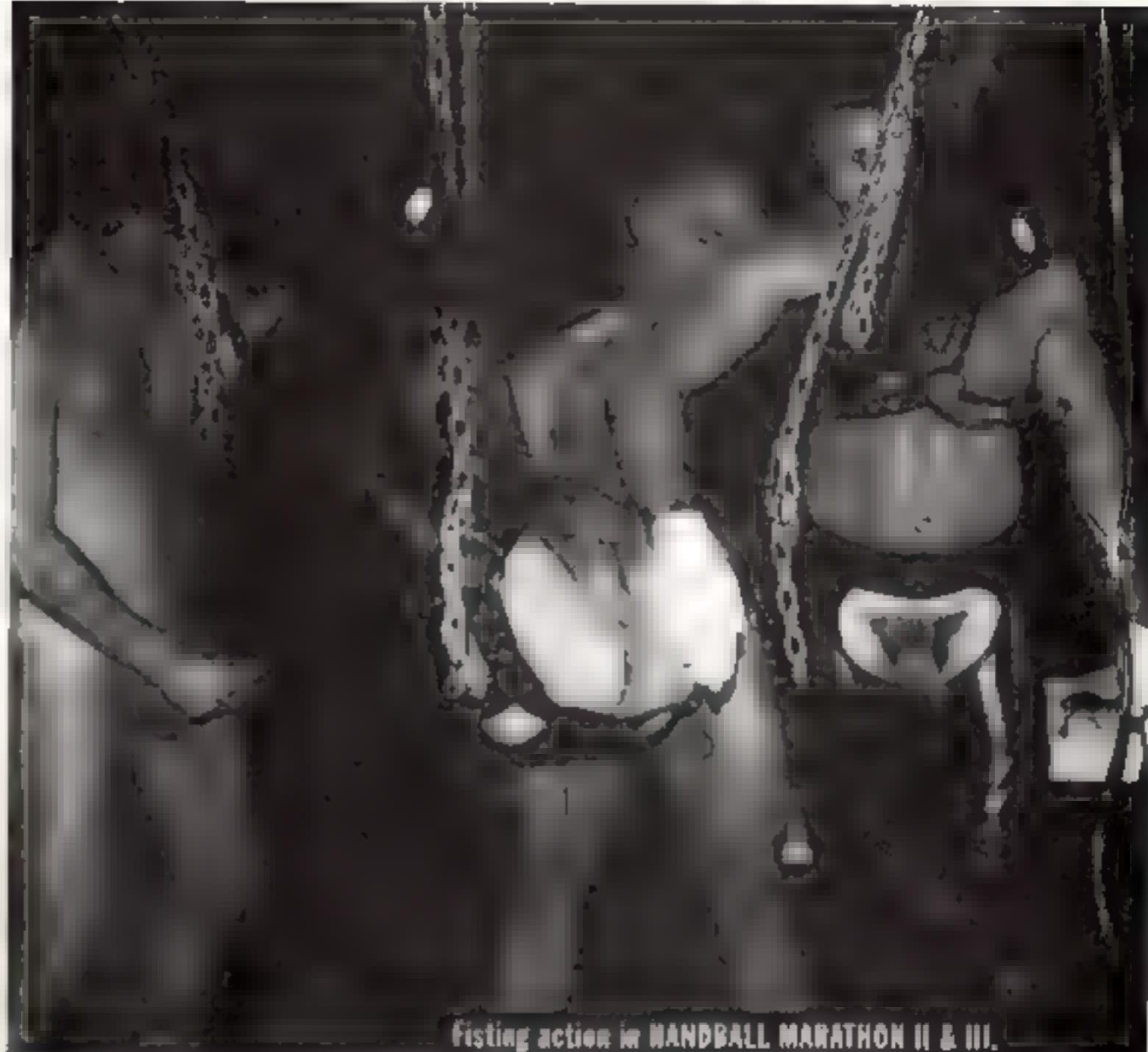
While there is still plenty of handballing in "Part III," the action branches out into other kink. These guys show they can take more abuse than fists up their butts. Everything is done as well and as enthusiastically as the fisting.

Producer/director Casey Richards is to be congratulated for this excellent offering. While most pornographers have trouble delivering any really raunchy sex, Richards goes beyond what we expect to give us non-stop nasty action.

What the Big Boys Drink

Out-of-Bounds Productions. Produced and directed by Michael Schein. Starring Orlando Cruz, Lt. Geoffrey Spears, Eric Taylor, Larry Chambers, and "The Mystery Pisser". To order write Out-of-Bounds Productions, 76 Cranbrook Road, Number 201, Cockeysville, MD 21030.

Almost no one does water sports like Out-of-Bounds Productions does water sports, that is to say whole hog. This



Fisting action in HANDBALL MARATHON II & III.

movie is a veritable vat of piss. One of the most astounding things about "What the Big Boys Drink" is just how much and for how long some of the stars can piss. It just keeps coming.

Like many fetish videos, the footage of the particular fetish is very well done, but the segments of more basic sex acts are less inspired. Perhaps director Schein, feels he must include sucking and fucking to call this a real porn flick. It hardly seems necessary.

Piss lovers will be much more interested in the rare opportunity to see guys pour buckets of urine all over each other. Those who are not really into water sports and want to watch more traditional porn are unlikely to pick up "What the Big Boys Drink." So, it would seem better for Schein to focus on what he does best.



Dildos & Buttplugs: Man's Best Friends

BY HUGH LEYMAN

Dildos are among the most versatile of sex toys. In essence, a dildo is any artificial implement that is used for sexual penetration. Dildos come in a wide variety of shapes, sizes and materials. Most are made to resemble penises or non-representational items of a similar length and circumference, although some come in truly gargantuan proportions - one of my favorites is made to resemble a life-sized forearm and fist.

Until recent years, most dildos were made of cheap plastic or rubber. Today though, silicone dildos and buttplugs are available in a wide variety of shapes and colors. Although more expensive than rubber toys, silicone has the advantage of retaining body heat and has an impermeable surface.

A close cousin of the dildo - the buttplug - is designed especially for anal use. The line between dildo and a buttplug is not a sharp one, but in general a buttplug has a diamond-like shape with a wide middle and a narrower tip at the base, allowing it to be worn in the ass without falling out.

Although they are often seen as "women's toys," dildos can provide men with a great deal of sexual satisfaction, whether used with a partner or for solo sex. They are an ideal way to achieve prostate stimulation during masturbation. They are also the answer for the man who feels like fucking when he is not hard. Certain harnesses w-

PHOTO BY STEVE RICHARDSON



ALTHOUGH OFTEN SEEN AS "WOMEN'S TOYS," DILDOS CAN PROVIDE MEN WITH A GREAT DEAL OF SEXUAL SATISFACTION, WHETHER WITH A PARTNER OR FOR SOLO SEX.



also allow a dildo to be worn over or alongside one's cock.

Buttplugs and dildos of increasing size can be used to train a novice slave to accommodate a penis, and a wearable buttplug can be a constant reminder of one's servitude and ownership. Buttplugs with horsehair tails are available for those who are into equestrian scenes.

Any item used for butt play should have a wide flange at the base to keep it from going all the way up inside the ass; such flanges also allow the dildo to be worn in a harness. Some dildos have molded balls which serve the same purpose.

A dildo used for anal penetration should be flexible enough to accommodate the natural curves of the rectum and colon. Certain "posable" dildos contain a stiff wire that allows the toy to be bent into various shapes; such dildos can be dangerous because the wire can poke out and damage the delicate rectal lining. For the same reason, dildos should have a smooth surface with no rough edges or protruberances. Before purchasing or using a dildo always be certain it is wire free.

If it happens that a dildo becomes completely lodged in the ass, the first step is to relax. Then bear down as if having a bowel movement. Usually this will push the dildo out to where it can be grasped and withdrawn. If this does not work, medical attention should be sought.

Although a silicone dildo will not absorb body fluids or any infectious

organisms those fluids might contain, a dildo or buttplug of any material that has been used on one person should be washed with soap and water or a bleach solution before being used on someone else. A quicker solution for group play is to put a fresh condom on the toy for each person it enters.

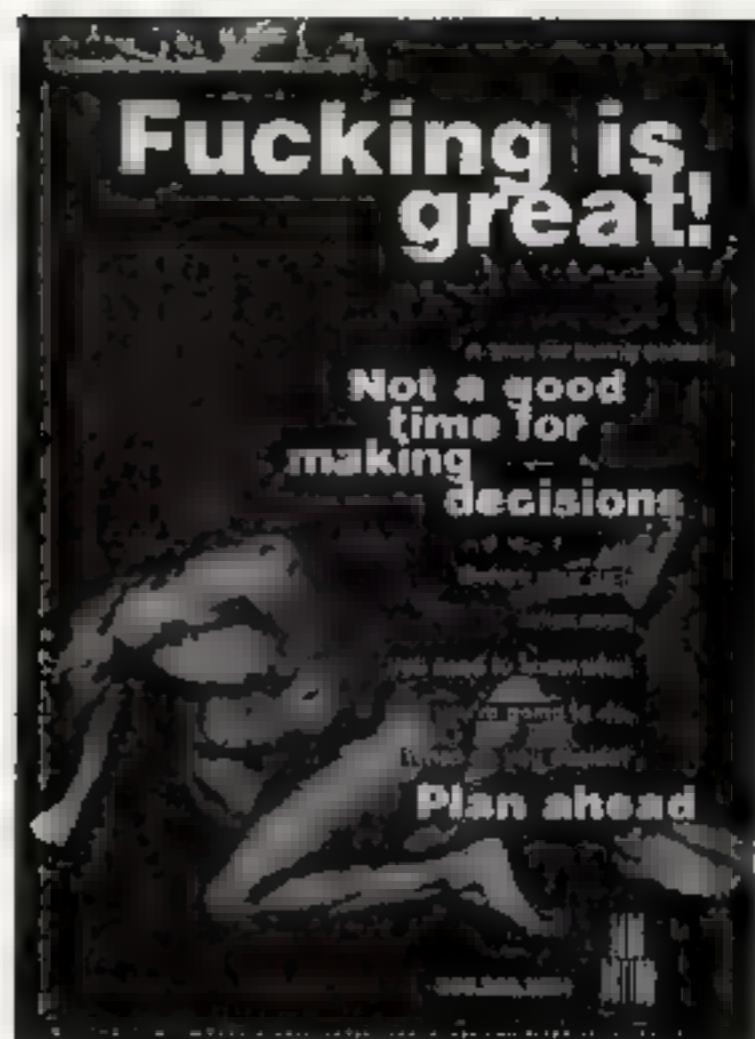
Safe Sex Prose and Piss Art

BY JASON MARSTON

The bulk of safer sex information aimed at men today can be informative but unfortunately dry and sanitized. The AIDS Action Committee of Massachusetts (AAC) has been taking men's libidos and channeling the male sex drive into an erotic display of safer sex information.

AAC has been getting the attention of men in the place hit at least once before they leave a bar - the urinal. Their bathroom poster campaign can be viewed at almost every bar in the Boston area. They have also begun producing a zine with men's dicks and safer sex practices in mind. The zine, called *Sextra*, incorporates safer sex techniques with hot fiction and photos. The zine's first issue focused on the debate over the safety of oral sex. The zine gives the reader information about oral sex and leaves it up to the reader to make his decisions and be responsible for the safety of him and his partners.

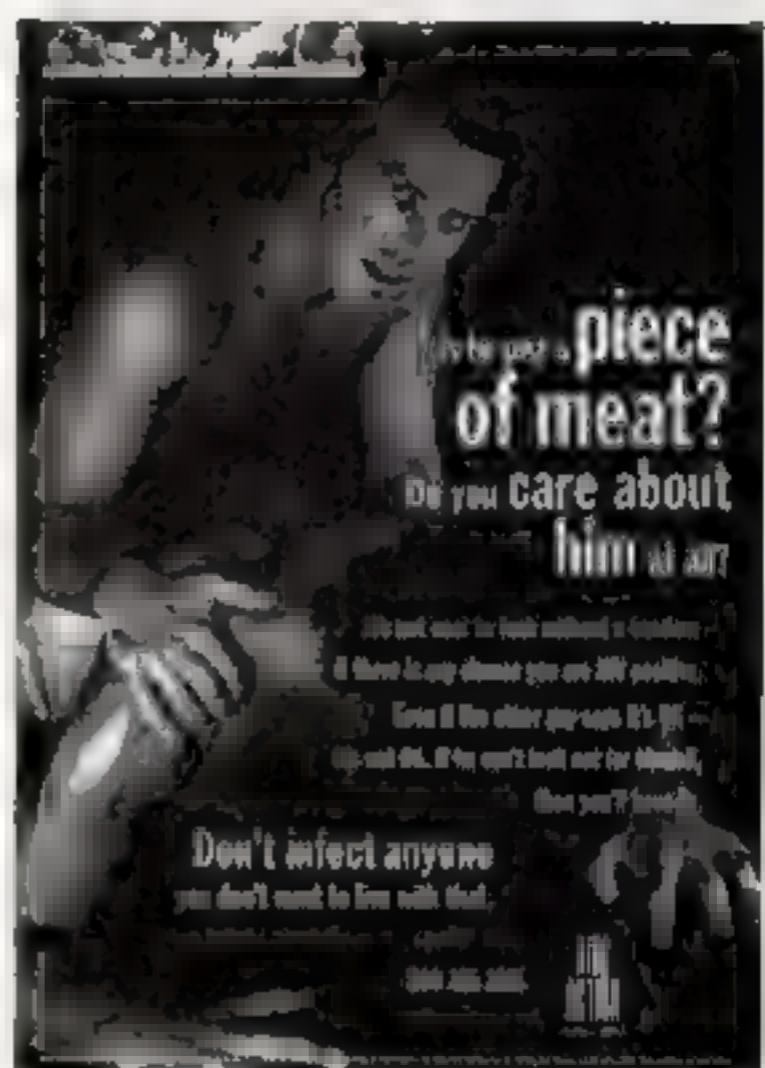
The bathroom campaign posters catch your eye right as you start to piss and are worded simply enough that you can finish reading them before you shake out your last drops. The zine gives you plenty of information but also some fiction and photos to jerk off with. Both the



Fucking is great!

Not a good time for making decisions

Plan ahead



piece of meat?

Do you care about him or

Don't infect anyone

zine and the posters encourage men to take responsibility for themselves and to also care about their sexual partners.

The next issue of *Sextra* is in the works and the focus will be on anal sex and play. If you're looking to receive copies of either the zine or bathroom posters AAC can be contacted at 617-450-1475. So next time you are in Boston and need to take a piss, look up, and maybe you'll get some good advice from people who realize that a lot of gay men think with what they are holding in their hands at the urinal.



COCKATOO





COCK-WATCHER

COCK-WATCHER

WHO'S WATCHING WHO?

Camcorder Cock

BY CHRIS WITTEK

EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT VOYEURISM

I learned through observation. Participant observation of the type that got Laud "Tea Room Trade" Humphreys discredited. Smack dab in the middle of puberty with its raging hormones and painful hard-ons I discovered that the local Sears and Roebuck men's room had stall walls with little peep holes drilled near the toilet paper dispensers. And baby, I took to those holes like a duck to water. Which is to say, I never knew I was a voyeur until after I was one.

When I was a kid I had heard vague references on television talk shows and the occasional sitcom punch line about Peeping Toms. I never quite knew who these Toms were; were they any relation to Jacks of all Trades? Were they a part of that ubiquitous trio, Every Tom, Dick & Harry?

The idea that there were enough Peeping Toms out there to have their very own nickname, whether they were actually named "Tom" or not, was kind of exciting to me. I didn't really think of myself as a Peeping Tom then, but I did keep my eyes open for them. I figured if I actually saw a Peeping Tom I could maybe meet him and talk to him about his obsession.

You don't have to have a degree in psychology to know that I was projecting all over the place. Any Peeping Tom's obsession was similar

to the one that was sprouting in my brain and between my legs, waiting to bloom in full force from my horny psyche. And the garden in which it first grew was the above-mentioned Sears and Roebuck men's room. I can't remember how old I was or when I first discovered that marble-sized peephole that gave you a view of the toilet stall next to you, but once I knew it was there I practically moved in. I could spend hours in the Sears toilet on a Saturday afternoon, masturbating as I waited for men to step into the stall next to me. The images I saw through that hole comprise an erotic slide show in my memory that still gets me off to this day.

The hairy thigh of the man who sold mattresses in the department right outside the men's room door and who probably wasn't even aware that I was watching him as he took a shit.

The hard-ons of other gay guys, showing off and posing for my pleasure.

The suburban dads dashing in to take a leak, their hoses of all shapes

and sizes, cut and not, with long, steady streams of piss gushing into the toilet next to me.

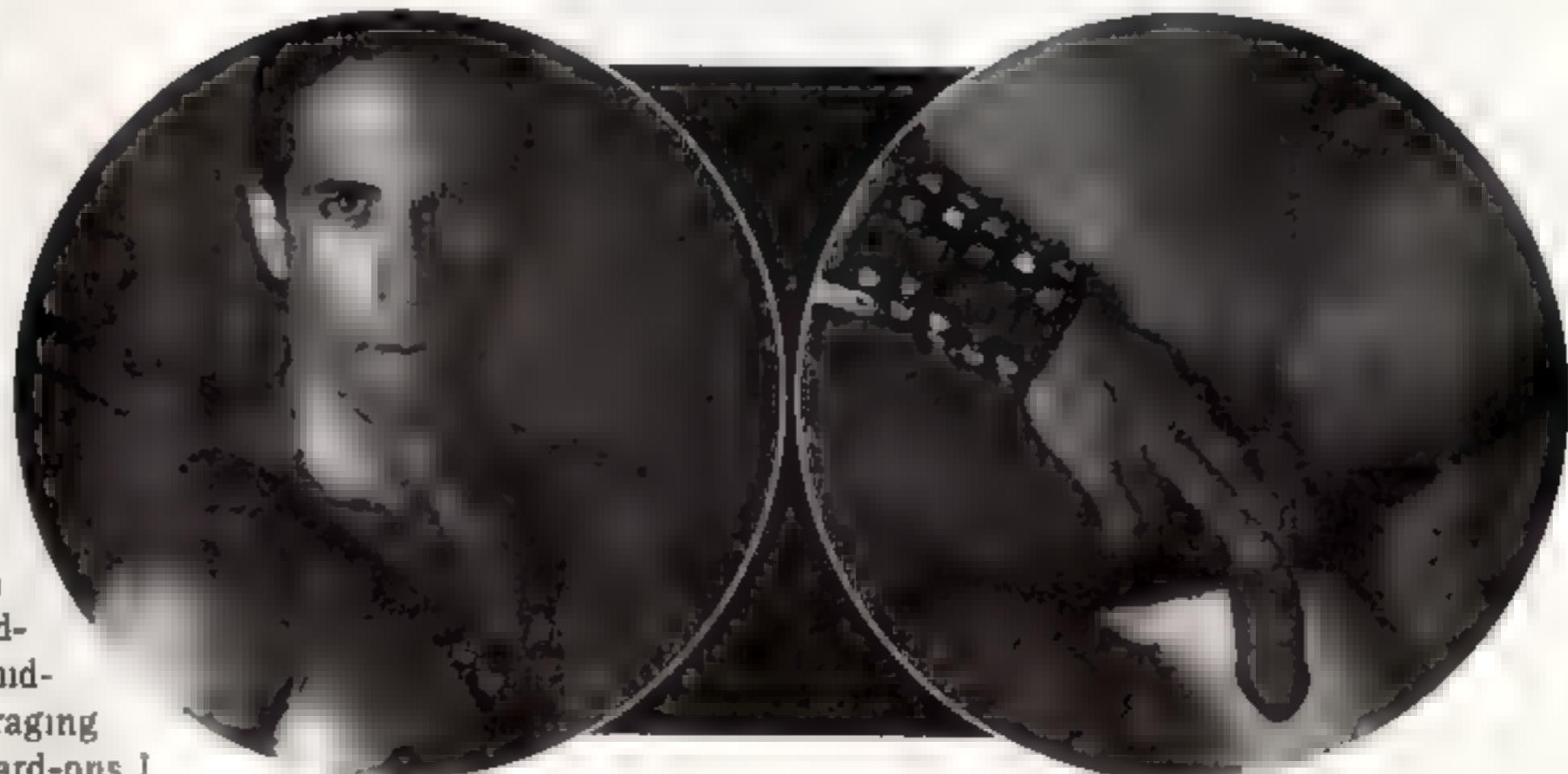
Of course, an activity as fun and exciting as this could not be contained in one specific men's room in one specific store in one period of my life. Desire actually followed me out the men's room door and into the rest of my life and I realized, finally, I LIKE TO WATCH.

Some people who tend to overanalyze things and label them for easier dismissal have criticized voyeurs as being anti-social, afraid of intimacy and what-have-you. For me, peeping is one of the many ways I transgress boundaries of tasteful, asexual, uptight life in America at the end of the millennium.

It makes me hard to look at the dicks of the guys standing at the row of urinals in the commuter rail station.

That blond guy getting blown by that dark-haired bear in my local cruising park sees me watching them and gets into some real hip-thrusting for my enjoyment.

Does that dark-haired man who's





leaving the subway at the next stop know that the tear near his back left pocket is big enough to show that his ass cheeks are hairy?? Does he know that seeing it is making my heart race? Is that why he didn't wear underwear?

Voyeurism played such an important role in the formative years of my sexuality that it is no surprise to me that over the years these desires have grown stronger. And, technologically speaking, the methodology of what I jokingly call the "Peeping Tom Community" has become more sophisticated, too. If I were to keep a diary of my personal greatest voyeuristic moments, the single best event in my life involved me, a bodybuilder and my camcorder.

This huge, competitive body builder named Jock ran a health food store near an apartment building I used to live in. There was an alley and a parking lot below my third-floor bedroom window. At about 10 o'clock one hot summer night I watched Jock as he walked into the parking lot toward his Camaro (naturally) after a hard day at work.

Jock wasn't one of those big, beefy bodybuilders who felt it necessary to strip his body of all secondary sexual characteristics in order to show off his muscles. He knew that his massive, thick pecs and arms were just as beautiful with their fur left

VOYEURISM

DOES
HE
KNOW
I'M
WATCHING
HIM?

intact. I turned off the light in the bedroom so that Jock wouldn't see me staring at him. I felt my breath quicken as he peeled off his tank top to cool off in the humidity. In that split second I made the decision to run into the living room, grab the cam-

corder, insert a tape and run back into the bedroom to capture the beauty of the topless Jock forever. By the time I made it back into the bedroom, all I could see was the tail lights of Jock's car as he pulled out of the lot.

But I was not to be daunted. The next night I made sure I was home and in the room with the lights off at exactly the same time of night. The camcorder was loaded and ready. I figured out that I was going to have to raise the window screen as soon as I saw Jock leave the restaurant across the street. That way the auto-focus could aim at Jock and not the screen.

Bingo! He exited the restaurant at exactly the same time as the night before and up went the screen. I began recording as soon I had the screen in place. Jock strutted across the busy street and into the parking lot. "Great!" I thought, "This is exactly where he took off his shirt last night...." But the creature of habit broke the course and got into his car, which was parked almost directly under my window. I wondered if maybe he saw me, even though I had thought to put on dark clothes and have all the lights in the apartment turned off. Before I could finish imagining him yelling at me and pointing his finger, Jock stepped out of his car. He walked toward the trunk. He looked to the left and right

and up at my building. Then he reached for his fly.

Jock pulled out his long, thick, flaccid dick. This is not the kind of guy who builds up his body because he feels his dick is too small. He let flow a long stream of piss. It's probably important to tell you here that I am an associate member of the Golden Showers Association of New York City and therefore very excited! He pissed for so long that he glanced around to make sure he was undetected. The stream trickled to a stop, he shook off his cock and stuffed it back in his shorts. To add the proverbial icing to this already delicious cake, he then peeled off his shirt and fumbled around in his trunk to find another one. And I caught every minute of it on video tape.

All my friends have watched the Jock tape and many of them insist that he must have known I was taping him and he was showing off, as if this would somehow invalidate the exciting images I captured. I really don't think he knew he was being taped. For me it doesn't matter if the people I'm peeping know it or not. Some voyeurs really get off on the objects of their interest not knowing they're there. But there's something salacious about an exhibitionist putting a little extra oomph into his performance because he knows he's got an appreciative audience. Show-offs can show-off for me, unsuspecting lovers can fuck in front of their windows, I don't care. I ain't picky. And as far as I'm concerned, everything from porn mags and videos and sex scenes in mainstream movies and TV are all on the same sexy continuum as catching a glimpse of a guy's crotch in the locker room or watching a turned-on businessman masturbate in a sauna. And once in a lifetime, if you're lucky, several elements of this sort come together and you wind up with a souvenir as delightful as my tape of Jock.

The Drummer Guide To Painfully Correct Leather Bar Behavior

BY TOM WOOD

There is no place in leatherdom as important to see and be seen as the leather bar. Here you can watch the animals gather around the watering hole in their natural habitat, observe their mating rituals and get them eating out of your hand. You can also write stories on the back of cocktail napkins and call it work.

One's first time in a leather bar can be intimidating. We used to say that half the guys that walk into a leather bar for the first time are terrified that some big Tom of Finland-type is going to chain them to a wall and fuck the shit out of them. The other half are disappointed because it doesn't happen.

Once upon a time, the rules of cowhide etiquette were enforced with vigor. If you walked into a leather bar wearing underwear, you would be unceremoniously debriefed. If you came in with a tie on, it was sliced off. If you came in with perceptible cologne, it would be hosed off of you...and not by the soda gun.

Leather bars, where they survive, have become much more genteel. The rules are much more subtle less obvious.

To assist the uninitiated and as a refresher for the regulars, a motley panel of some of my favorite mixologists contributed to, modified, reviewed and approved the following list of *Painfully Correct Leather Bar Behavior*:

1) Respect the dress code. A bar with a dress code is trying to create a specific atmosphere. If that atmosphere excites you, cooperate by dressing the part.

2) No cologne. No aftershave. If you must wear a scent, No. 3 Diesel fuel has a nice bouquet.

3) A bar is a place of business not a gay community center. It is bad form to just take up space and not generate commerce.

4) When ordering know what you want and have your money ready. If you are thinking of something that requires a blender or a little umbrella, think again.

5) Don't ask the bartender to fix you a strong drink. Ask for a double and pay for it.

6) If you drive, don't drink alcohol. The bartender doesn't care what you order...have a soft drink.

7) There are few things as embarrassing as being cut off at your favorite leatherpig trough. When you feel you have had enough, cut yourself off before you get stupid.

8) The customer is always right. However, the bartender determines who is still a customer.

9) Do not snap your fingers or whistle unless the bartender happens to be a cocker spaniel.

10) About tipping: If you can't afford to tip, you can't afford a drink. In addition, according to the innkeepers of my favorite haunts, if you can hear your tip hit the bar, you are being too cheap.

11) As a general rule, don't fuck with the guy that signs your paycheck, cuts your hair, or mixes your



drinks. The results are guaranteed to be anything but pleasant.

12) The bar doesn't make the laws, but it does have to enforce the law or risk their license. Don't get pissy when asked for I.D. or when asked to leave at closing. At my age, I am generally flattered when I am carded and try to exit gracefully before the lights go up.

13) The same goes for sex, nakedness and that spontaneous bondage demonstration that you think you do so well. If the bar staff tells you to cease and desist, don't hassle them. Instead, run for public office and modify the alcohol and morals ordinances.

14) If you insist on making an ass of yourself when you drink, drink only on New Year's Eve and St. Patrick's Day. These are amateur nights. You will have lots of company. Cheers.

15) If you MUST smoke a cigar, make sure its a decent brand because cheap cigars smell like cat shit.

Note: The Drummer staff is experiencing dissension over definitions, such as "cheap cigars," "too much" and "stupid." These details will be fleshed out over the next available happy hour.

Drummer Hanky History

BY ROBERT DAWSON

The story circulates that hanky codes began with the gold miners who arrived in California after 1849. There being few womenfolk in the Bay Area at the time, the horny 49ers used to tie a bandanna around right or left arm to figure out the claim jumpers from those who wanted their claim jumped. And thus began cruising in San Francisco...

The golden age of the hanky code was that twilight era before Stonewall. In small towns, at truck stops, on buses and subways, a gay man could advertise his proclivities to fellow fraternity brothers while the rest of the world, oblivious to these going-ons, went about their day.

From the beginning it was a highly imperfect form of communication. Since the system evolved in different places and at different times, it was not always uniform. Flagging black on the right in New York did not necessarily mean the same as it did in San Francisco. The main branches of the language centered on either East or West coast, with Chicago in a hazy middle ground.

A 1976 report in Drummer claimed both red and blue could signal the possibility of "butt fucking, fist fucking or the Hollywood Vice Department on the prowl." The difference at that time, it seems, was that "the red bandanna wearer may sometimes switch pockets or preferences; the blue bandanna wearer never does." Then there were those cowboys and fops that wore it tied around their necks. What the hell were we supposed to make of that?

I must admit that I still occasion-

ally get stumped. I saw a purple and pink paisley hanky once in San Francisco that threw me for a loop. Asking around, we finally decided that on the left it meant "I want to go home and redecorate your apartment" and on the right said

"I'm looking for someone to redecorate my apartment."

The system fell into serious disrepair when twinkies decided to go to the disco with a hanky tied around their thigh. Since the color depended more on their outfit than their proclivities, the communication value was somewhat lost. Then the hip straight guys got a hold of it, along with biker jackets and pride rings. I have seen lots of leather-clad, straight, dumb high school kids flagging stuff on their asses that I know they could not be into, sexually speaking - let alone if the combination was possible, anatomically speaking.

Today the hanky code reads like a menu at Cafe' du Gay Sex. Almost every possible activity is represented

in the pantheon of colors and accessories. By far most extreme would be the red plaid, rumored to signal "making a knife wound and fucking the wound." Right or left, I would suspect it could be worn with success only once.

COMMUNICATION IN THE IMPERFECT TENSE

Geography aside, there were always practical limitations to the hanky code. Things like laundry. I remember starting a conversation about cigars with a man I could have sworn was flagging a tan hanky only to find it was a brown hanky that had been laundered several times. It was a short, memorable conversation.

Bar lighting, the most popular media for the language, could also present a problem. How can you tell mustard from yellow by the light of a Miller Lite sign without getting very, very close? Then again, having your face four inches from a man's butt sends an entirely different message.

Call me uncooperative, but I refuse to carry my Sherwin-Williams Color Matching card with me to the bar. I may lose my gay union card admitting this, but I can't tell the difference between "dark pink" or "magenta" or "coral" to save my chaps. The profusion of subtle shades in the modern hanky list explains why you really only see the top ten or twelve colors in action.

Certain messages beg certain questions. I prize my orange hanky, but if I were to wear it on the right, why the hell not just stay home and watch cable? Does one really need to see lavender on the left to know you are dealing with a drag queen? Is that a cocktail napkin in your



pocket or were you just writing down phone numbers during Happy Hour? Who or what, exactly, would wear fur in their right pocket?

In spite of all these drawbacks, the hanky code endures. Once a secretive signal, the code has become part of today's gay communication of pride: I suck dick, I'm damned proud of it, see my light blue hanky.

The basic color code now appears on accessories from arm bands, cockrings, shoulder straps, key rings, even little rubber "fly flags" that signal from the buttons of your 501's. Red, blue or yellow pin stripes can even be

found running down the thighs of custom-made leather pants. It has also seen its way into the 90's as a checked pattern over-printing the colors has begun to emphasize the wearer's commitment to pursuing each activity safely.

The hanky code does not constitute an iron-clad contract any more than keys hanging right or left. Hey, he might just happen to be right-handed. For most, except the most fundamentalist extremists, it is a statement of desire, the beginning of conversation. Not meant to exclude but to entice. After all, as my good friends in the Royal New Zealand Navy used to say, "A poke is a poke, and no poke is no joke."

DRUMMER HANKY CODE

COLOR	WORN LEFT	WORN RIGHT	COLOR	WORN LEFT	WORN RIGHT
Black	heavy s/m	heavy s/m bottom	Red	fister	fistee
Black/white check	safe s/m	safe s/m	Burgundy	2-handed fister	2-handed fistee
Navy blue	ucker	suckee	Red/white stripe	shaver	shavee
Medium blue	police officer	wants cop	Dark pink	tit torturer	tit torturee
Light blue	wants blowjob	expert cocksucker	Light pink	dildo fucker	dildo fuckee
Robin's egg blue	69 active	69 passive	Magenta	armpits	sniffer
Teal blue	genitorture top	genitorture bottom	Mauve	navel	navel worshiper
Fuschia	spanker	wants spanking	White	j.o. top	j.o. bottom
Turquoise	docking - uncut	docking - cut	Yellow	piss	urnal
Brown	shitter	toilet	Mustard	8" or more	size queen
Beige	rimmer	rimme	Pale yellow	split	spittoon
Brown lace	uncut	wants uncut	Gold	2 looking for 1	1 looking for 2
Rust	circumcised	wants circumcised	Gold lamé	muscleman top	muscleman bottom
Leopard	cigar smoker	ashtray	Cellophane	has camcorder	video star
Gray	cowboy top	cowboy bottom	Cocktail napkin	bartender	bar groupie
Charcoal	has tattoos	likes tattoos	Dirty jockstrap	wears one	will suck it clean
Gray flannel	has motorcycle	wants a biker	Dolly	tearoom top	tearoom bottom
Hunter green	bondage top	bondage bottom	Fur	beastality top	baah!
Olive drab	latex top	latex bottom	Handywipe	motor oil top	motor oil bottom
Kelly green	wears a suit	wants man in suit	Kewpie doll	chicken	hawk
Orange	daddy	boy	Kleenex	unwashed	licks him clean
Coral	sergeant	private	Mosquito netting	outdoor top	outdoor bottom
Apricot	hustler	john	Paisley	wears boxer shorts	likes boxer shorts
Purple	anything anytime	nothing now	Silver lame'	celebrity	groupie
Lavender	wants toes sucked	toe sucker	Teddy bear	cuddler	cuddle
	chubby	chubby chaser	Tie-dye	hippie top	hippie bottom
	piercer	pin cushion	Zip-loc bag	has drugs	looking for drugs
	wants a drag queen	drag queen	Rosary beads	clergy	looking for clergy

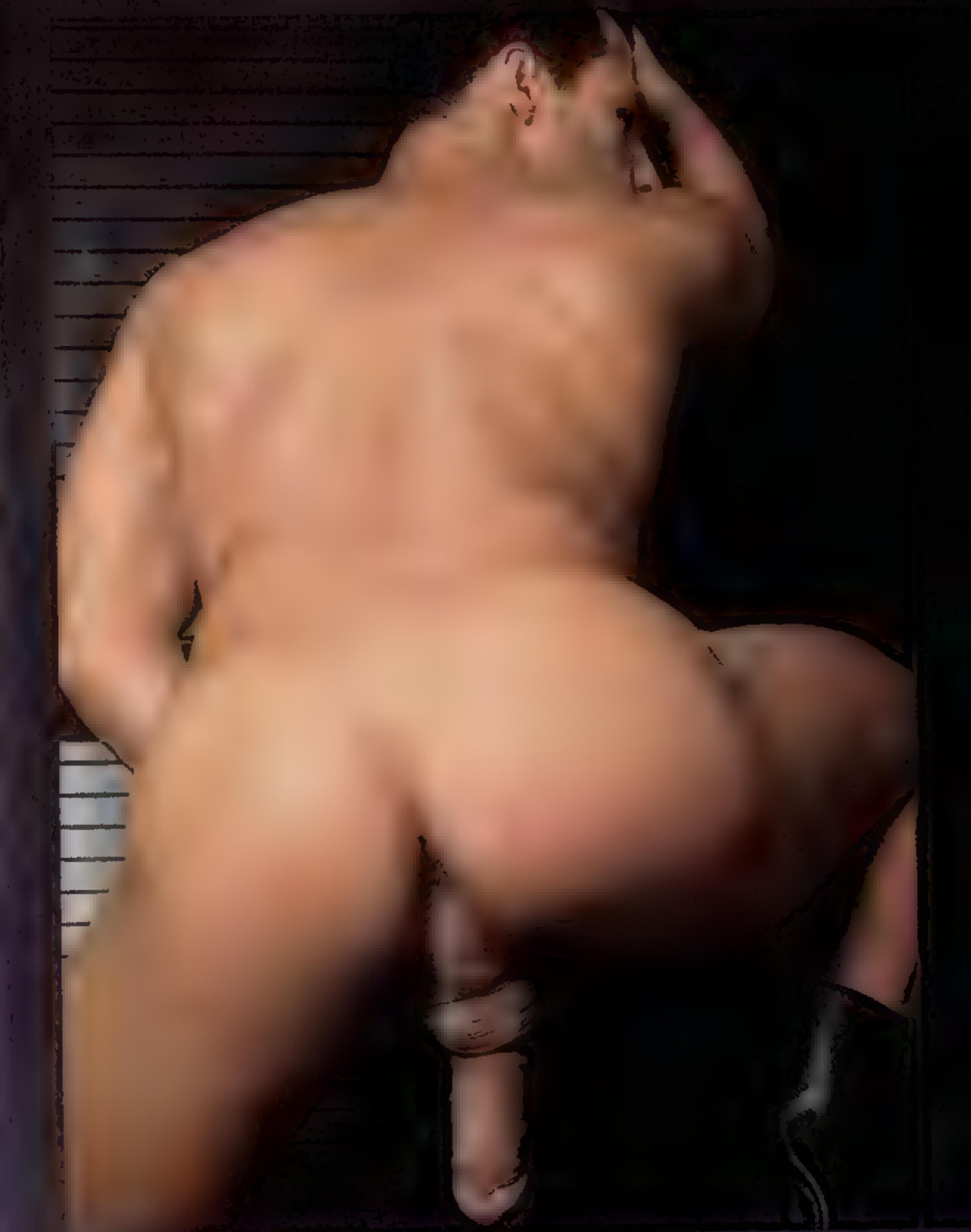


LOOK

...but
**Don't
Touch!**

Photos of
Marcello Reeves
from Forum Studios





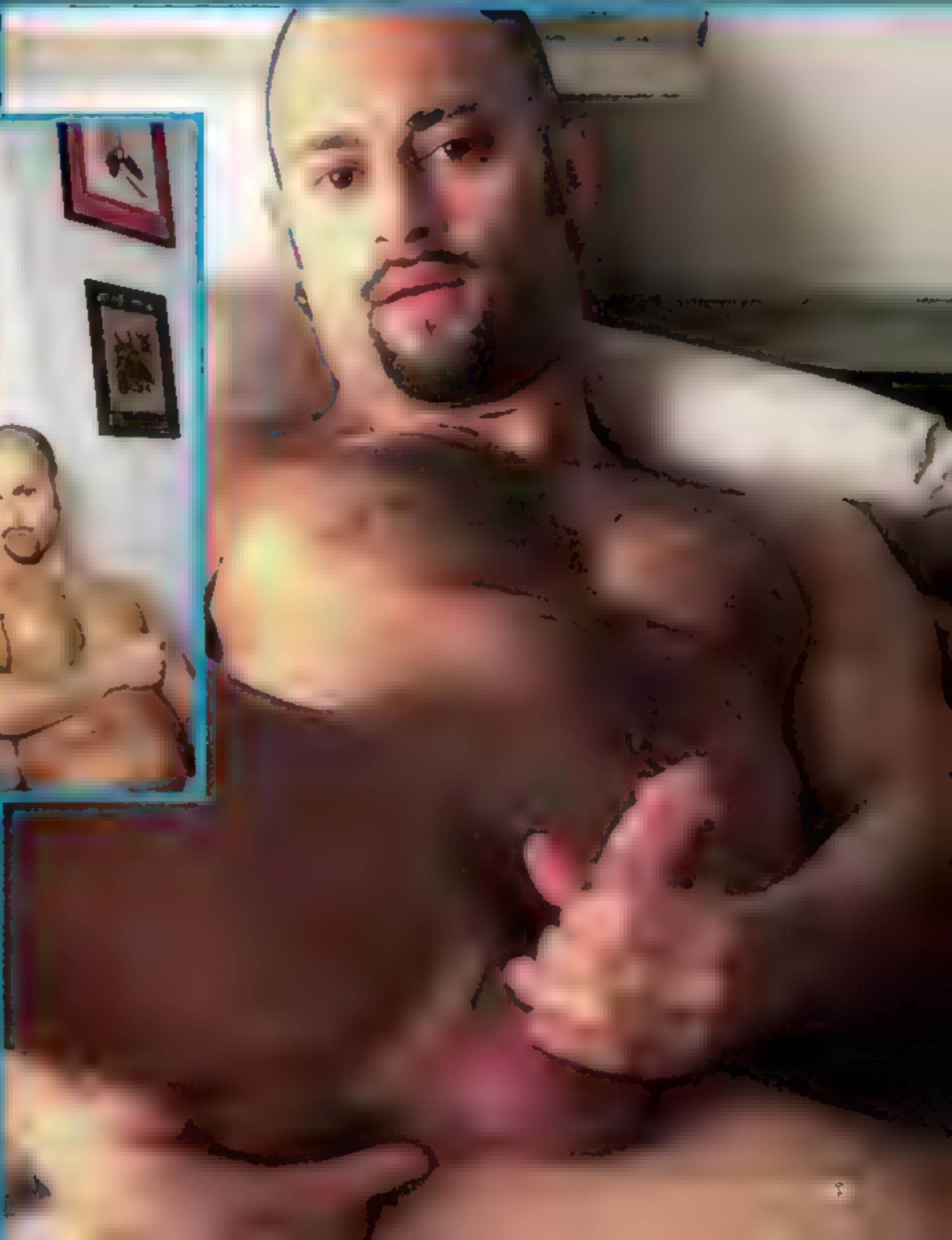
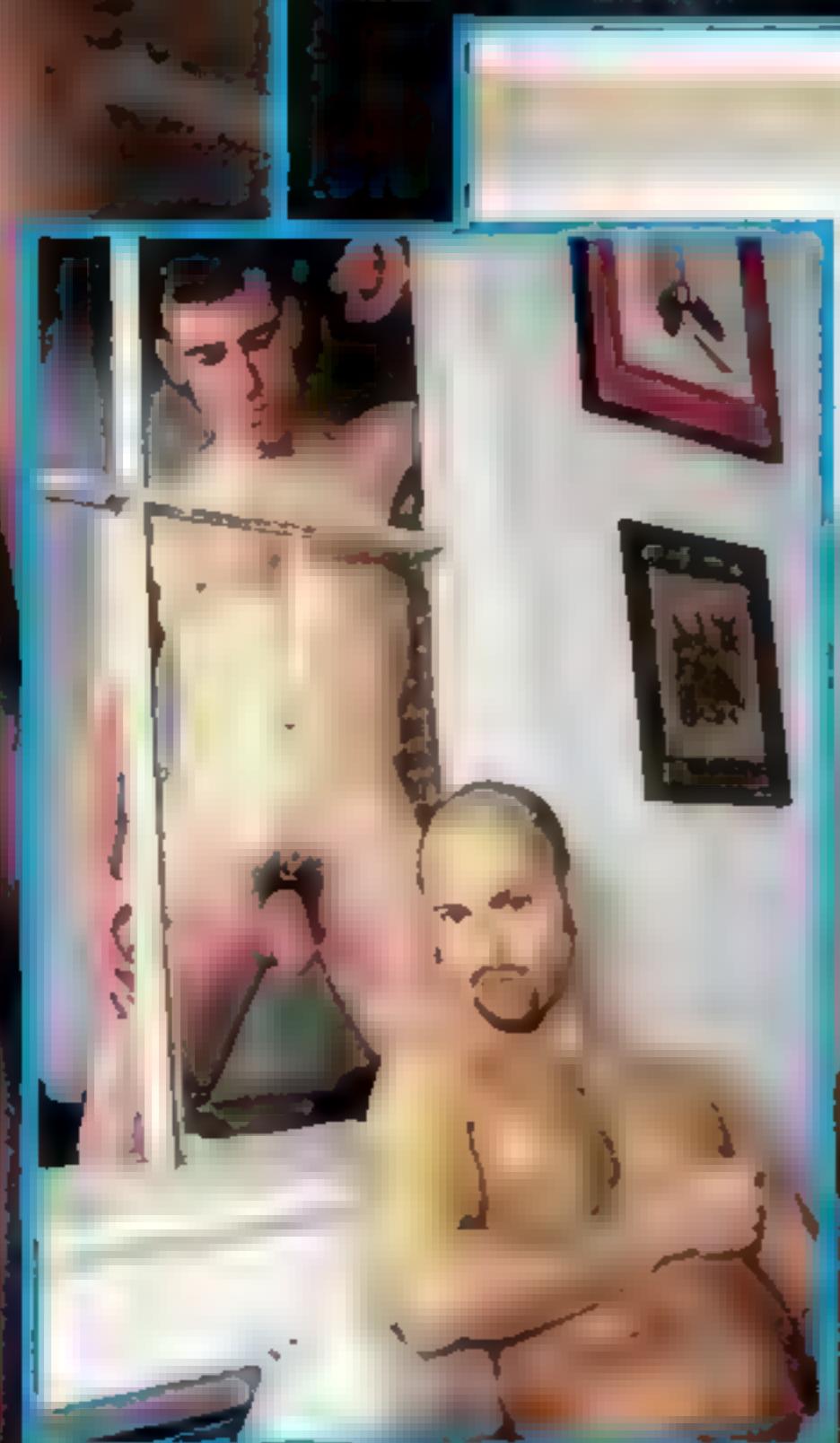
LOOK
...but,
Don't
Touch!



AVAILABLE: Room w/ view

immediate opening for single
guy, private entrance in rear.

Photos by Jim Wigler courtesy of Hot House Entertainment



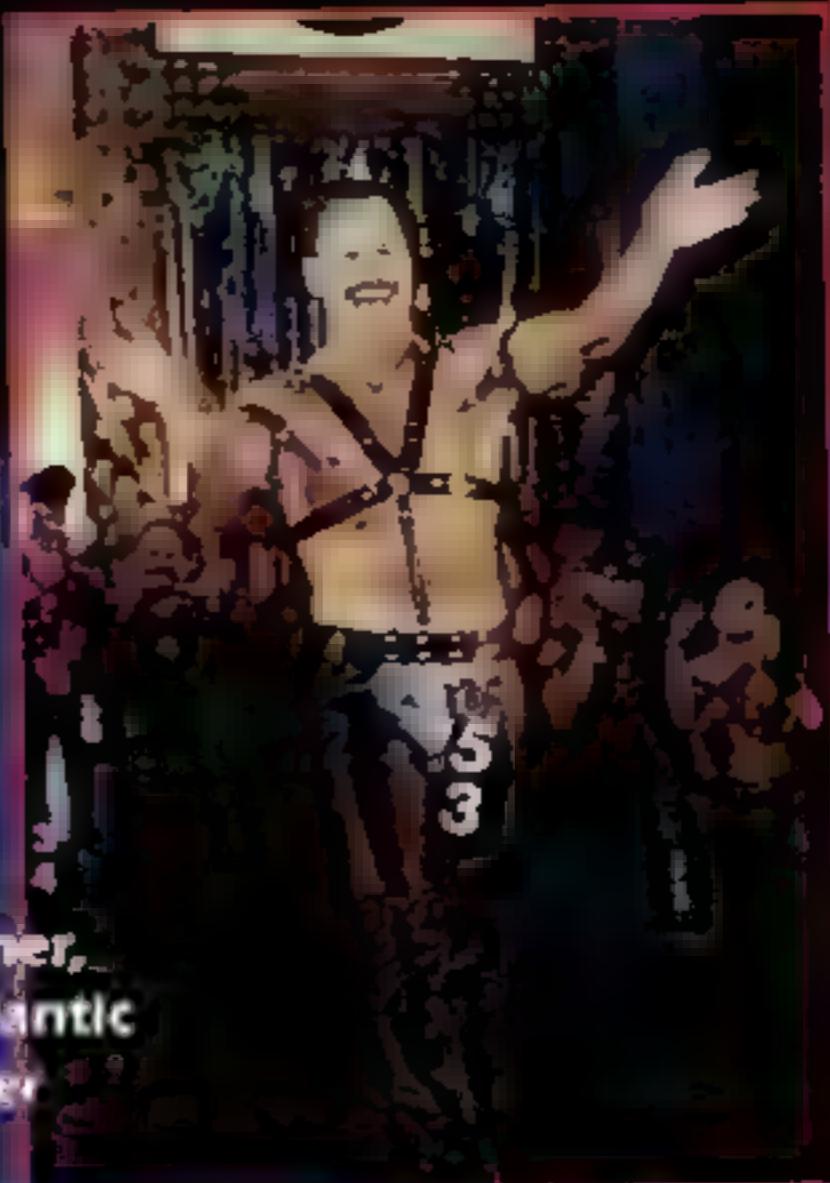
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Dino van der Lundin Videian
Mr. Leather, Europe
Mr. Leather, Sweden



Mike Siemer,
Mr. Mid-Atlantic
Drummer

INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER CONTEST 1997

Photos by Israel Wright

IML '97

CIGARS, LEATHER AND BIG BELLIED MEN

Hot men, from as far away as Belgium, descended on Chicago Memorial day weekend for the 19th annual International Mr. Leather contest. The largest gathering of leathermen in the world, IML runs simultaneously with International Cigar Weekend and Bear Pride. Founded by Chuck Renslow, this years' IML had 53 men competing from throughout the world. This year's winner was Kevin Cwayna of Minneapolis, Minnesota. First runner-up was Mark Malan, sponsored by Pistons bar of Long Beach, California with Paul Eric Zlnser, sponsored by the Lure of New York, placing as the second runner up. Due to this years' success, men are already placing reservations for next years' IML 20th anniversary contest. For more information on the contest and next year's event, check out the IML webpage at: <http://www.iml.com>



Joe Gallagher
Mr. Leather
1996

Art Ocasio
Southern
California
Leather '97



Bondage Demostration at
The Leather Mart

Kyle Brandon,
Int'l Mr. Drummer 1998

The Men . . .

INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER CONTEST FIELD

Open
Cerem
Joe G
and J



The guy from
Tom Of Finland



Leather Daddy at
the Opening Ceremony



A California Visitor at the
Congress Hotel



Paul E. Zinser



Bo Garrett



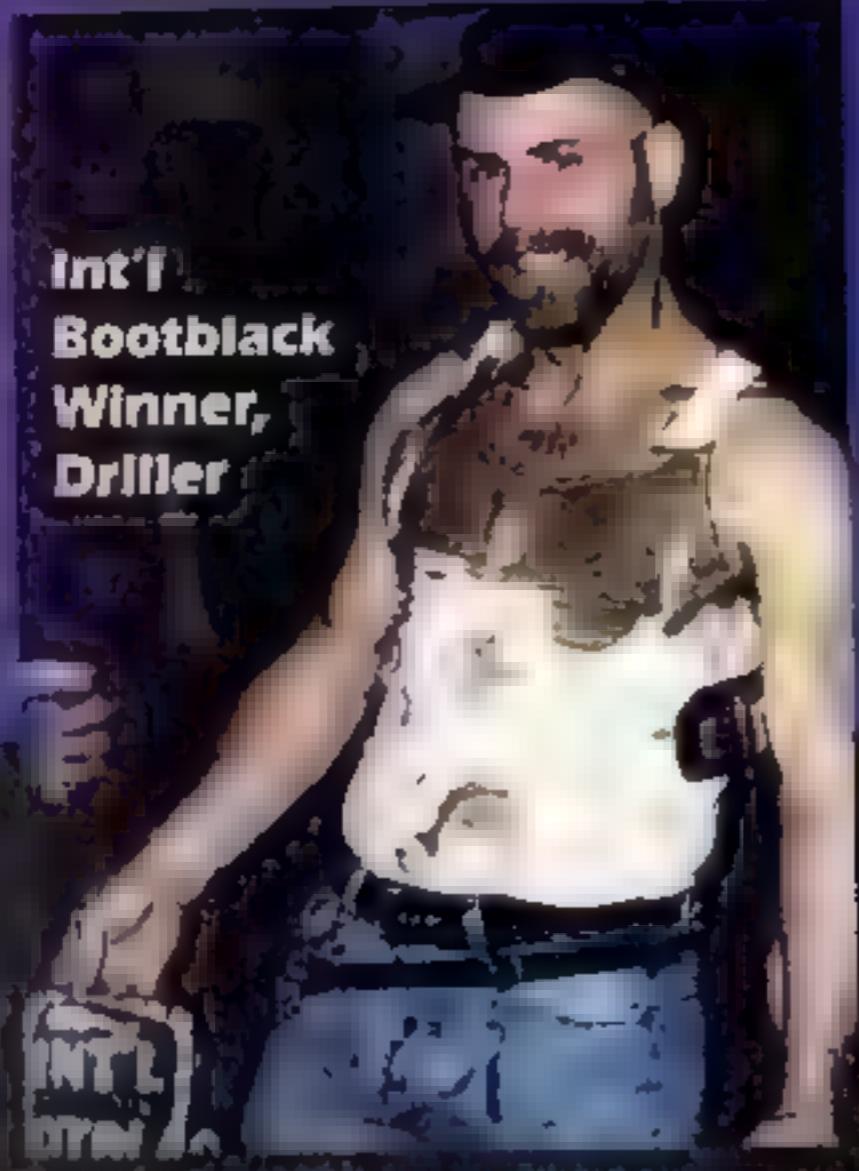
Beefy Men at
the Opening Ceremonies



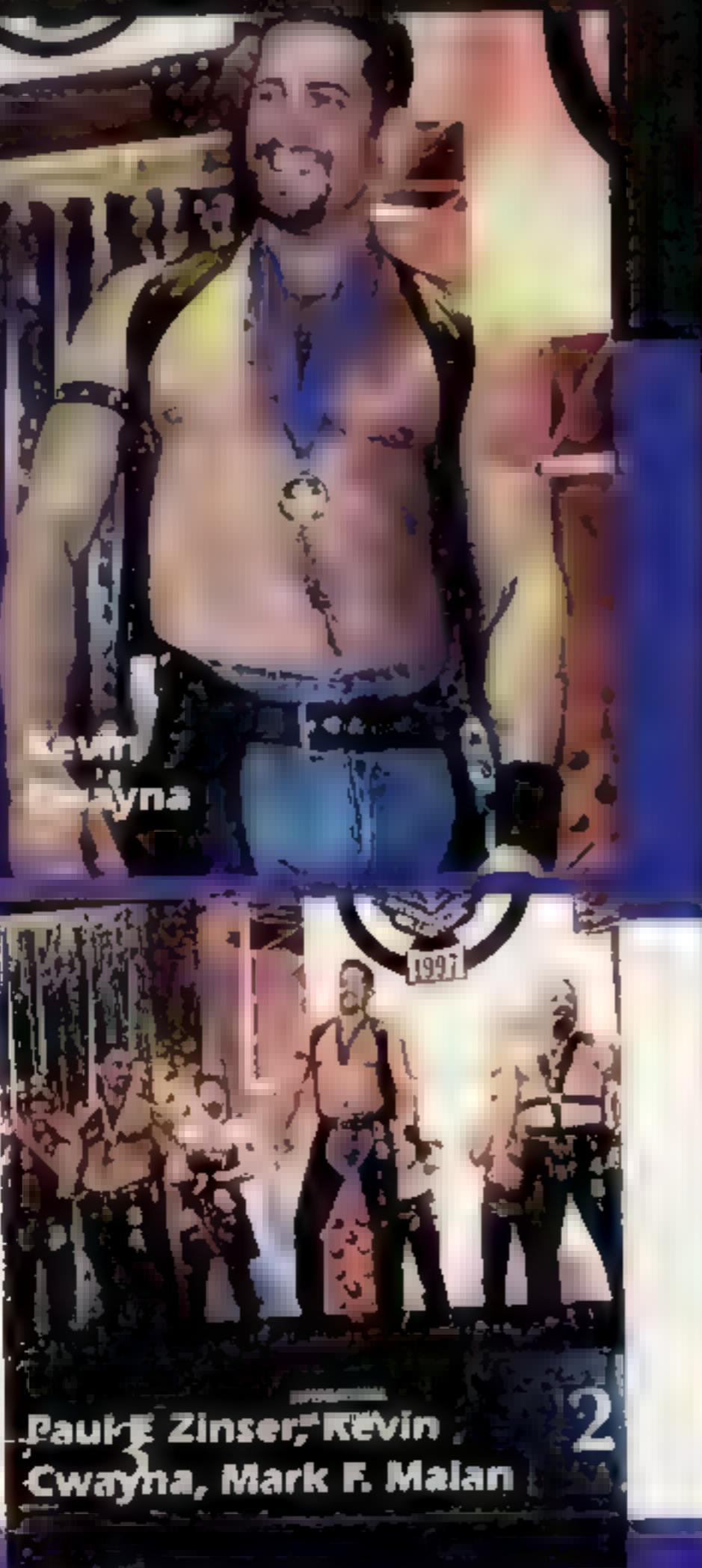
Michael Pereyra,
Mr. IML 1988



Kevin Cwayna
Shows Winning Style



Int'l
Bootblack
Winner,
Driller



Paul E Zinser, Kevin
Cwayna, Mark F. Malan

The Winner INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER CONTEST 1997

Diary of a Skinhead Slut



3.19.97.

Midweek sperm buildup hits and its time for more than just jacking off. After work I head over to the local sex club. It's a cool club but mostly attracts mainstream guys. I flash my membership card and pay my room fee. I get buzzed in and I'm obviously not the only one with the same idea. I walk to my room and along the way check out guys strolling around in various stages of undress. I pull off my boots and the rest of my clothes and put on some camo Army shorts. The guys are a mix between gym bodies, suburban husbands and a few older guys. Being heavily tattooed and pierced I don't really know where I mix in except that I'm fucking horny. I fumble around and get my dick sucked by a few guys but don't settle on one single one right away. I cruise around some more and start walking down the hallway to the darkroom when a hot guy walks by and gives that "let's fuck" stare. I walk on a few paces and turn right back around, at this point my cock has decided we're

We exchange punches to each other's stomachs. He pushes me back onto the table and grabs my legs under my knees. He now rubbers up his cock and sticks it in.

going to blow a load with this guy. I catch up with him in a passageway and we start to grope each other. He's got a smooth and pretty lean body topped off by a shaved head. I invite him back to my room and he follows. We go in and lock the door. I pull off my shorts and he drops his towel. Our cocks are both hard and our tongues are exploring each other's mouth's; he seems to like the barbell in my tongue. I reach around his ass and give it a slap feeling out what turns him on. He responds with a punch to my chest and I know we're on. I grab his throat and push him to his knees. He knows what he's doing down there and is doing it very well. He works my cock with his throat, tongue and hand. I pull him back onto his feet and after a few smacks upside my head I know

it's my turn to kneel. His cock is the perfect size for my mouth and throat and he definitely likes driving it home. I reach up between his legs and start toying with his ass. I stop sucking and start to stand up. I spin him around and push his face onto the massage table. I lube and rubber my cock and stick it in him. I start fucking his hole and punching his ass, back and legs. His back and ass are covered in red spots that I cool down with gobs of spit. He gets into this but decides he's had enough. He stands to face me and licks my face. We spit into each others mouths and jerk each other off while sucking tongues. We exchange punches to each other's stomachs that make enough noise to be definitely heard beyond the closed door. He pushes me back onto the table and grabs my legs under my knees. He now rubbers up his cock and sticks it in. At first the angle is wrong and it hurts but he doesn't stop he only slams harder until I loosen up. Each time he slams it in too hard I slap his face and head. Using my legs I push him off me. I pull him down to lay down next to me. We start to jerk off together. I can tell he's getting close and stick my fist in his mouth. With my hand in his mouth and his hand on his cock he squirts his load of spunk all over his stomach. I fist my dick some more while he sucks on the rings in my nipples. I squirt all over my stomach trying to get some on either his back or head. He lifts his head up and we kiss. I tell him that I wish I'd gotten some of my load on him and we agree to try again.

3.22.97

Spent the afternoon flipping through a porn mag and started checking out ads from guys. Found



one from a skinhead daddy in California looking for a skinhead boy. Well fuck I fit that bill so I wrote him a letter. So I write him this letter telling him about myself and what I'm into. I seal and stamp the letter and now I'm horny. I call up a fuck buddy of mine and we make plans to get together. He's hot and we always have fun together. He's not a skinhead but his military haircut is a turn on. His thing is young guys with shaved heads, and he's the first to turn me on to getting a load blown on my head. We watch some TV and decide to take a shower together. We strip down and get under the hot water. We take turns soaping each other up. I kneel down in front of him and start licking his cock and balls. He's into shaving so his balls are smooth and make it better for him to feel my tongue on them. I lick at his cock head and he starts to piss in my mouth and on my face. The hot water amplifies the stink of his piss and turns my cock on even more. I open my mouth up wide and he fills it with piss that I let spill down my chest and then down the shower drain. He finishes relieving himself and I stand up. We rinse and dry then head for his bedroom. With my skinhead daddy in mind I kneel down in front of him sitting on the

bed. I start working his cock in my mouth making a lot slurping sounds because I know that turns him on. In my head I'm sucking my skinhead daddy's cock. I reach over and grab some lube for my cock. He stands up and grabs a hold of the back of my head. I kneel up and spread my knees apart. I like squatting like this because it exposes my ass and lets me fantasize about another guy coming up behind me and playing with my hole. He fucks my face for a while and I taste his cock head getting hot. I start to fist my dick faster and blow my load on his floor. He pulls his dick out of my mouth and beats his come onto my chest and face. I love the feeling of his load hitting my body but in my head I'm wishing it was my skinhead daddy's.

3.29.97

In the backroom of the local leather bar. Leaning against the wall checking out the meat walking by. Mostly gym pec boys out for a night of raunch. A guy with a shaved head walks by. Not my elusive skinhead daddy but still pretty hot with great nipples. My nipples are pierced and well developed but he's definitely been working on his own for a long time. He walks up to me and we exchange greetings. I start rubbing

With my skinhead daddy in mind I kneel down in front of him sitting on the bed. I start working on his cock in my mouth making a lot of slurping sounds because I know that turns him on. I reach over and grab some lube for my cock.

his chest and he squeezes my nipples. I look down at his basket and looks stuffed. I start to twist his nipples and the bulge gets even bigger as far as I know they haven't yet made a sock that grows bigger. Being the sleaze of a gentlemen that I am I tell him we should get out of this bar and go where we can get better acquainted. He says his place is cool. Three minutes and two seconds after we get through the door we're naked and I'm on my knees wondering if I could fit his cock in my mouth let alone my ass. I suck his cock and then stand up to work on his nipples. I chew and lick them hard enough to groan and pull my head closer to his chest. He pulls down onto his bed and I lay on top of him working on his tits. I lube my hand up and pull our cocks together and start pulling on them. He starts to buck and fuck my hand. When he shoots his first spurt I bite down hard on his nipple. He yells and lets the rest of his load out. I continue fist my dick and he plays with my hole. He's shoving as many fingers as he can into me and I'm wishing it was his cock. I squirt my load onto his stomach while stretching my hole wide. I didn't find out if I could fit his cock but if I did him again we're definitely going to try.



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DRUMBEAT

Mr. Leather Ottawa-Hull

More than 300 people turned out for the Mr. Leather Ottawa-Hull 1997 competition. After some stiff jousting for first place, the title was awarded to Erich Prohaska. A commemorative sash and leather vest, along with nearly \$2,000 worth of prizes, were present by Paul Nicholl, the current titleholder. The first and second runners-up were Robb Barnes and Todd Dupuis. The contest was organized by the Ottawa Knights, a gay men's leather and denim club. The five contestants strutted their stuff onstage in streetwear, full leather and then minimal leather - the most popular part of the evening. In between appearances, the audi-

ence was treated to a fashion show and demo presented by Caught-in-the-Act, a local leather wear and dungeon equipment retailer. The weekend also included a warm-up bullet, presented by local fetish club MASK; a "Meet the Contestants" party; dinner at a local hotel restaurant; the always-popular after-hours party; and a Sunday brunch for the hardy survivors.

To Cut Is to Cum

According to a newsnote appearing in the April, 1997 issue of the Journal of Sexual Liberty, if you want better sex, get circumcised. The journal cites an unspecified study of male circumcision which asserts that cir-



Mr. Leather Ottawa-Hull 1997 Erich Prohaska (center), first runner-up Robb Barnes (left), and second runner-up Todd Dupuis (right).

cumcised men engaged in more masturbation as well as oral and anal sex, than uncircumcised males. Apparently, the researchers decided that the lack of sensitivity in the head of the penis created this need for increased stimulation. Millions of dicks in turtlenecks are rising up in stiff disagreement to this study.

Double Your Pleasure

Two notorious leaders in the world of rough sex - Jack Fritscher and Larry

Townsend - have joined forces. Under the L.T. Publications imprint, Larry Townsends' publishing house, Fritscher and Townsend as well as several other undisclosed authors, hope to ease publishing costs and headaches, combine forces and offer their well-established readership a more consistent flow of rough sex prose. For more information on these literary developments contact: L.T. Publications, POB 302, Beverly Hills, CA 90213, phone: 310-652-7657/fax: 213-655-7314>Email:



Graylin Thornton, International Mr. Drummer 1993, (left) is now editor of GBM a new magazine for black leathermen.

ltpub@teleen.com/
Website: <http://www.teleen.com/ltpub>.

Ex Titleholder Makes Good

Graylin Thornton who held the International Mr. Drummer 1993, has another winning title on his hands. He just took the helm of GBM (Gay Black Men), a recent publication out of Brush Creek Media.

For their premier issue, Thornton who is the editor of GBM, wrote Black on Black a piece that explores, through interviews, the experience of Black gay men within the leather community, the African-American community

and the gay community at large. Black and Black will be a consistent part of GBM. To obtain a copy of GBM call: 1-800-234-3877.

Sadistic Snacks

Calorie-conscious New Yorker's can now skip those heart-clogging desserts and have fat-free domination instead. A new restaurant - La Nouvelle Justine - named after the 1791 Marquis de Sade novel, has recently opened its door and is serving and serving and serving. Diners are greeted by dog-collar wearing slaves and offered "Coprophiliac Martinis." And the staff is far from

novices says Mistress Diane who managed the Nutcracker Suite, one of New York's most notorious dungeons - where big shots in New York's financial world showed up "to be abused." Plus waiters will take more than your order of escargot. "They will do anything you ask," says co-owner Hayne Jason who also runs Lucky Cheng's, an East Village Pan-Asian restaurant filled with drag queen waitpeople.

"You want a slave to lick your shoes? They'll lick your shoes," he asserts. Master Michael, the codpiece-wearing dominant maître d' says that "If you're a bad boy, we'll throw you in prison

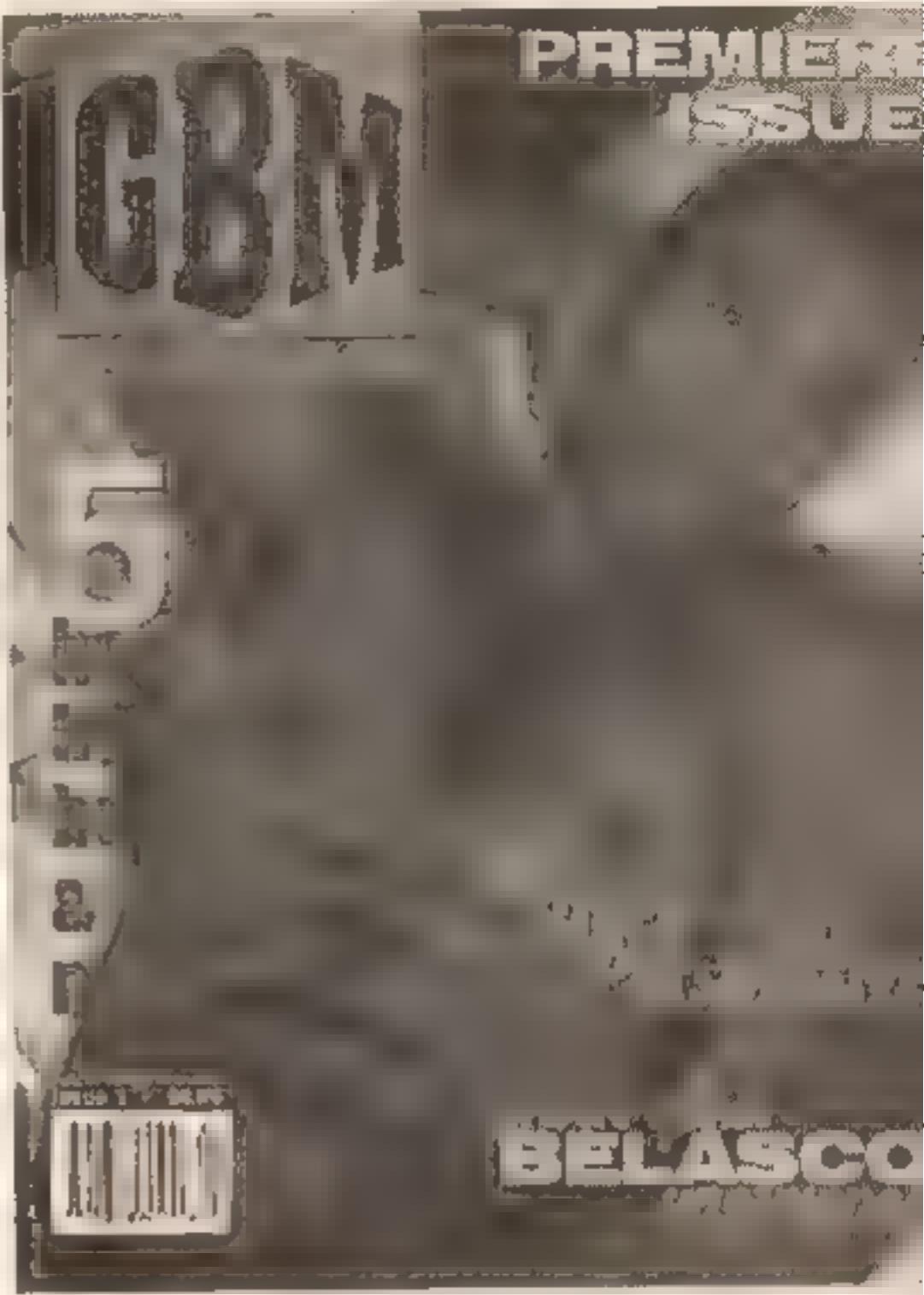
and make you eat out of a bowl."

As of the writing of this report there was no mention of the quality of the food. Probably the staff will make you eat even if its bad.

Washington State Leatherman

On Sunday, March 21, the men and women of the Washington state leather community assembled to select Vincent Edd as the successor to the title of Washington State Mr. Leather.

This title was previously held by Vincent Sharkey. Vincent has been active in the leather community for sev-



years, taking an active part in numerous activities during his previous residency in Atlanta, Georgia.

His participation included Atlanta Pride activities from 1993 through 1996, assisting during the 1996 Leatherfest/International Master and slave Contest, as well as active participation in a number of leather-oriented activities, including the "S/M 101" series of classes, sponsored by Atlanta S/M Solidarity (ASS) and the Georgia Brigade division of the American Uniform Association.

Vincent is currently a member of Seattle Men in Leather, Men in Boots Club International and the American Uniform Association (AUA).

He is also an avid cigar enthusiast and marksman. As an African-American, Vincent wishes to stress the contribution of other African-American leathermen and leather-women within the diverse leather community, to foster unity among leatherfolk of color, as well as encourage other men and women of color to learn more and participate within the leather community.

Note: A World Wide Web page is currently under construction, and should be operative by early June. The address for the website is <http://members.aol.com/lrathrcop>.

MACHINE WASH
COLD
NO BLEACH
TUMBLE DRY LOW
REMOVE PROMPTLY
DON'T IRON
DECORATIONS
DESTROY ALL GIRLS

Destroy All Girls

Strange things are occurring inside some people's undies. According to the June 2, 1997 issue of Time magazine Senate, a sportswear company, pulled a line of clothing because of a barrage of complaints about the articles' laundry tags. Starting from top to bottom the tag read: Machine Wash, Cold, No Bleach, Tumble Dry Low, Remove Promptly, Don't Iron, Decorations, Destroy All Girls. The tag has recently been blamed on a limp-wristed misogynistic gay designer who had a bad experience with his third grade teacher.

Moan-free Zone

New South Wales' Land and Environment Court gave the go-ahead for a gay brothel in Sydney, Australia's Darlinghurst area last week. The South

Sydney City Council initially refused to approve "Sin for Men" claiming it would bring loud noises, traffic congestion and anti-social behavior to a residential street.

Manchester Hosts Britain's Largest Leather Event

Plans are well underway for the European Leather weekend, which will take place in Manchester, England, between August 22nd and 25th, 1997.

Under the auspices of the European Confederation of Motor-sports Clubs (ECMC), events include the ECMC annual conference, the Mr. Leather Europe 1997 contest, and two leather parties.

Hosted by Manchester Super Chain Motor Sports Club (MSC MSC), the event is attracting leathermen from all over Europe, with interest spreading as far afield as the U.S.

The weekend starts with a welcome buffet on the Friday night. Saturday evening begins with cocktails at the Lord Mayor's Parlour, and continues with the grand dinner in Manchester's gothic style town hall. The evening is rounded off by the first of numerous leather parties. Sunday includes a traditional English tea in the afternoon and further entertainment, ending with another leather party.

The concluding event of a farewell brunch on Monday

Running throughout the weekend is the Mr. Leather Europe 1997 contest. This is held in two parts, with the public invited to join in the pre-selection on Saturday night.

The final judging occurs on Sunday. The winner becomes Europe's entrant in International Mr. Leather, to be held in Chicago at the end of May, 1998.

European Leather Weekend takes place in the midst of Manchester's Gay Mardi Gras. MSC have organized a special package, including three nights bed and breakfast and admission to all leather events.

Full details are available on MSC MSC's web site: <http://www.users.dircon.co.uk/~mscmsc/>, which includes an online booking form. Or contact David Taylor by phone at: 011 44 161 202 1076.

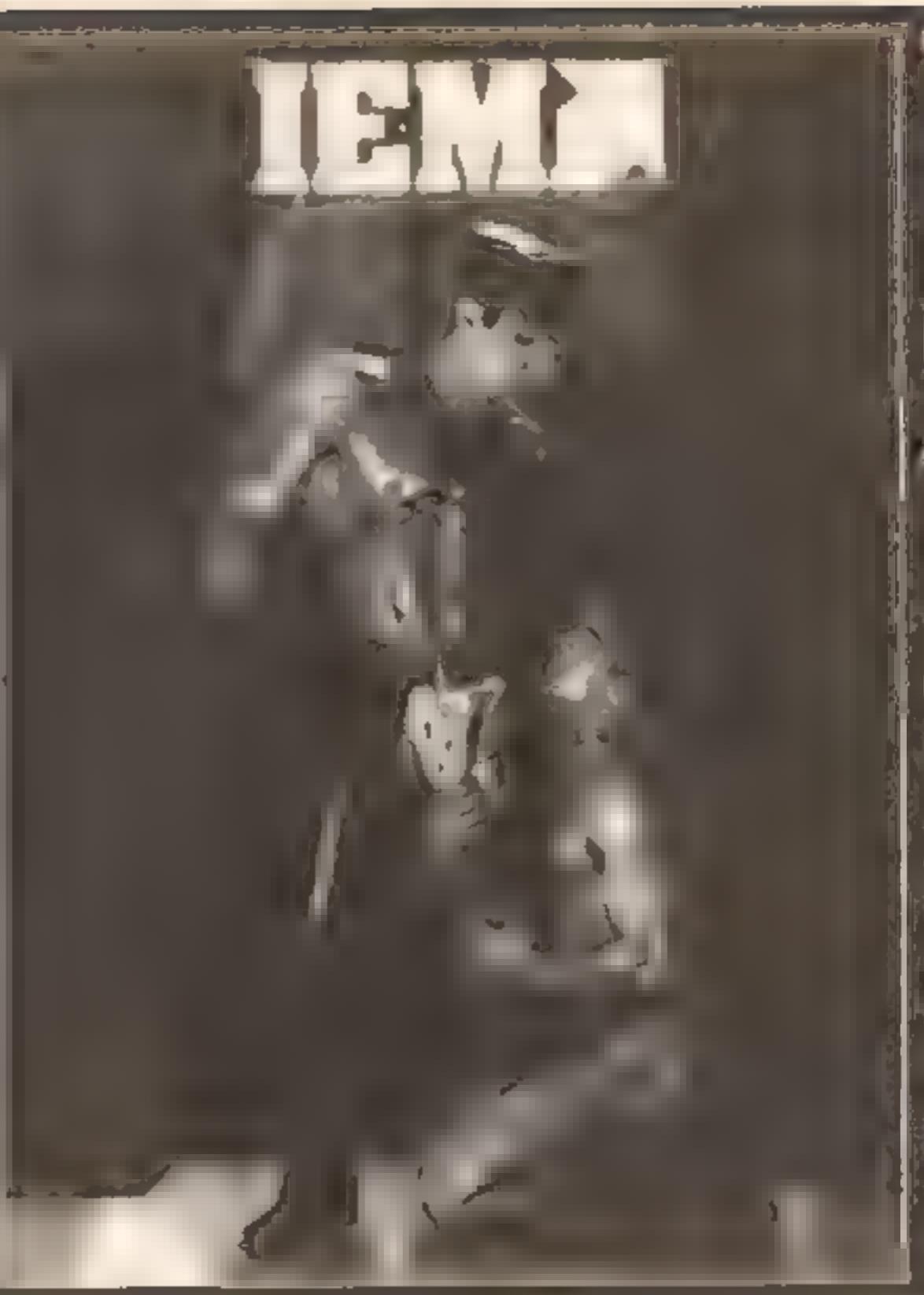
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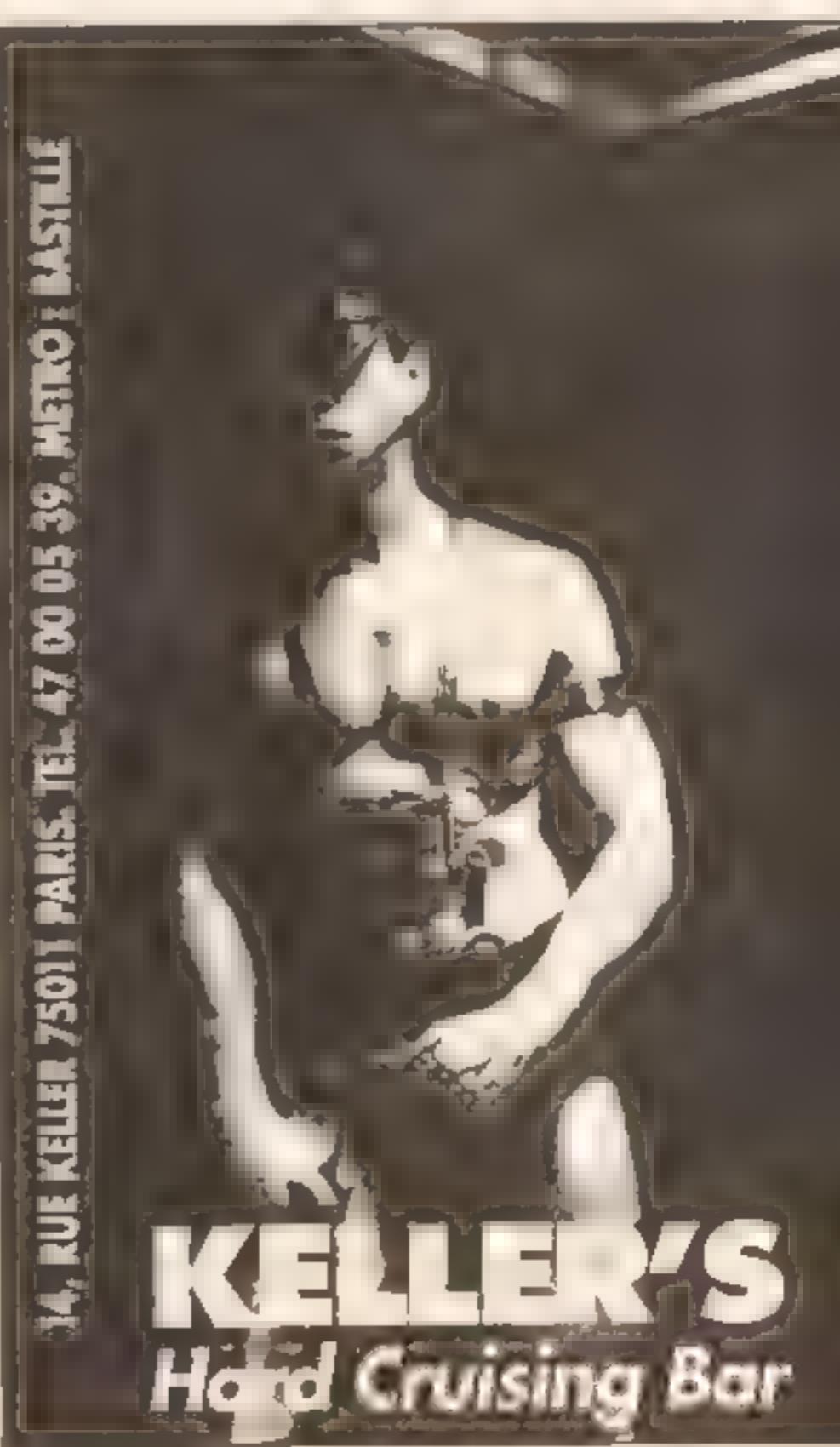
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**Bound and Gagged
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America On Line, the largest Internet services, has banned the word bondage. Any AOL member who uses the word "bondage" in their AOL profile - the identification component of AOL by which users can portray themselves to other members - will have their profile automatically rejected. AOL is notorious for its "family values" orientation and its history of purging profiles it finds offensive. According to Robert Fifield of Master and Slaves Together and a AOL user of longstanding, AOL also rejects the word "sadomasochism" as well as "master and slave."

Fifield further notes that although AOL would quickly reject a profile such as "I believe in safe, sane and consensual bondage," it would accept a profile that states "all faggots must die" simply because none of these words are considered obscene by AOL.

A protest campaign is being mounted against AOL president Steve Case. For more information on this subject go

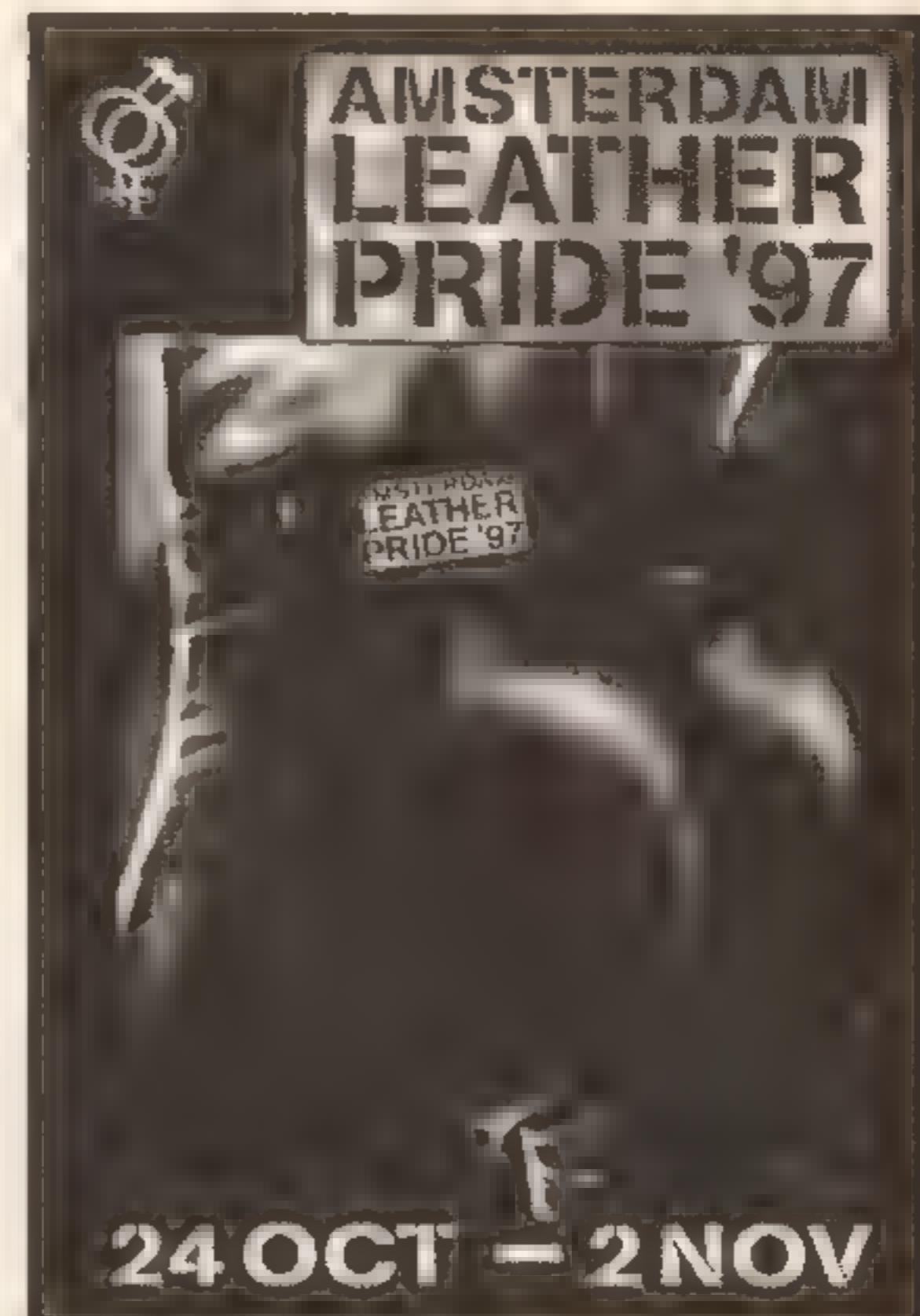
to: <http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Palms/7929>.

**Amsterdam Leather
Pride '97**

From Friday, Oct. 24 through Sunday, November 2, 1997 leathermen and women will descend upon Amsterdam to celebrate Amsterdam Leather Pride '97. This 10-day event opens with a leather and rubber party and is followed by a week of fashion shows, JO parties, barcrawls, canal cruises, dinners, performances, tattoo and piercing workshops as well as endless parties and after-hour parties. The week culminates in the Mr. Drummer Europe '97 contest on Friday Oct. 31. For more info.: Leather Pride '97, POB 2782, 1000 CT Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

Erotic Art

The Tom of Finland Foundation has set the dates for their next erotic art weekend. Scheduled from Oct. 17-19, 1997, the event will include a opening reception, an art



fair, hundreds of pieces of erotic art, and artists from around the world. The previous erotic art weekend drew artists from as far away as Japan, the Slovak Republic, Croatia and Switzerland. Many of the head honchos in gay male erotica - the Hun, Leon, Julius and Michael Kirwan - were present.

Nude models, as well as nude artists such as nudist Elwood Miller, highlighted the foundations last art weekend. For more information on this fall's weekend contact: Tom of Finland Foundation, POB 26658, Los Angeles, CA 90026. Phone: 213-250-1685 or Email: tomfound@earthlink.net.



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**Hotel Reservations in
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Plan on being in San Francisco for Leather Pride week culminating on Saturday, September 27th at the International Mr. Drummer Finals. Hotel reservations can be made via internet at www.hotelres.com or by calling 800-677-1500.

Regional Mr. Drummers Are Chosen in Dallas & Atlanta



Ken Claude, (left photo) Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer. Martin Ellis, (standing with sash in right photo) Mr. Southeast Drummer with Von Summerall, (kneeling) Southeast Drummer Boy, and Rice Ware, Southeast regional sponsor.



Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer

Ken Claude of Houston was selected Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer 1997 in the first of eleven U.S. regional contests. Claude was picked out of contestants from Houston, Dallas, San Antonio and Oklahoma City at a contest held May 17 at the Dallas Eagle.

Judges for the contest were Don Gill (Mr. Prime Choice 1994), Jim Richards (NIA International cochair 1991), Kevin Watson (International Mr. Fantasy 1996), Jill Carter (International Ms. Leather 1996), Don Woods (Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer 1996), Keith Hunt (International Mr. Drummer 1994) and Kyle Brandon (International Mr. Drummer 1996). Mike DeNisco (International Drummerboy 1996) assisted the judges as did Tallymaster

Tom Stice (International Slave 1995) Master and Mistress of Ceremonies were Linda Blakeslee of Dallas and Don Bastian of Calgary. The evening was hosted by Eagle owners Matt Miller and Mark Frazier. Frazier was himself a Gulf Coast Drummer winner in 1991.

This year marks a transition for the title as the Eagle assumes primary sponsorship for the contest. Since 1989 the contest has been sponsored by Johnny Grey and Ken Browning of Shades of Grey Leather in Dallas.

In its ninth year, the contest has enjoyed the longest continual sponsorship of any preliminary for the Mr. International Drummer finals. The Gulf Coast Region includes Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and Texas.

The winners of the 11 U.S. contests and the winner of Mr. Drummer Europe will compete for the title of International Mr. Drummer 1997 September 27 in San Francisco.

Mr. Southeast Drummer

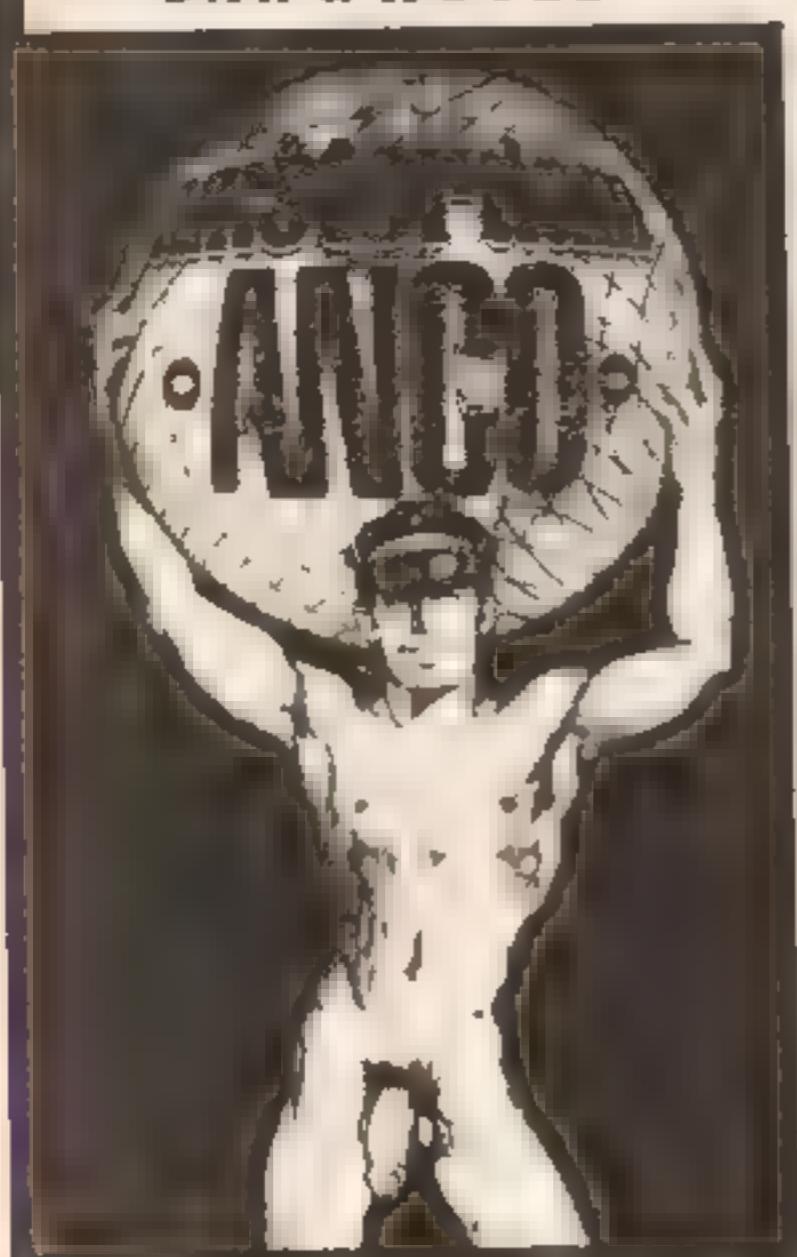
Martin Ellis of Atlanta was selected as Mr. Southeast Drummer 1997, representing the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. The contest was part of a full Southern cowhide cotillion: the four-day Southeast Leatherfest held at the Downtown Ramada in Atlanta.

The weekend featured workshops on such subjects as "Spanking, Padding and Strapping" and "Advanced Rope Bondage." Over 25 vendors filled a leather market with clothes, whips, toys, books and massage. Also chosen during the weekend was Joseph Blair as Mr. Georgia Leather. Joseph, last year's regional Drummerboy, passed his sash along to Von Summerall, the 1997 Southeast Drummerboy.

The 9-member panel of Mr. Drummer judges consisted of leatherati and title holders from the South and all over the nation.

The entire weekend was dedicated to the late Jack Stice, a key member of the Atlanta Leather community.

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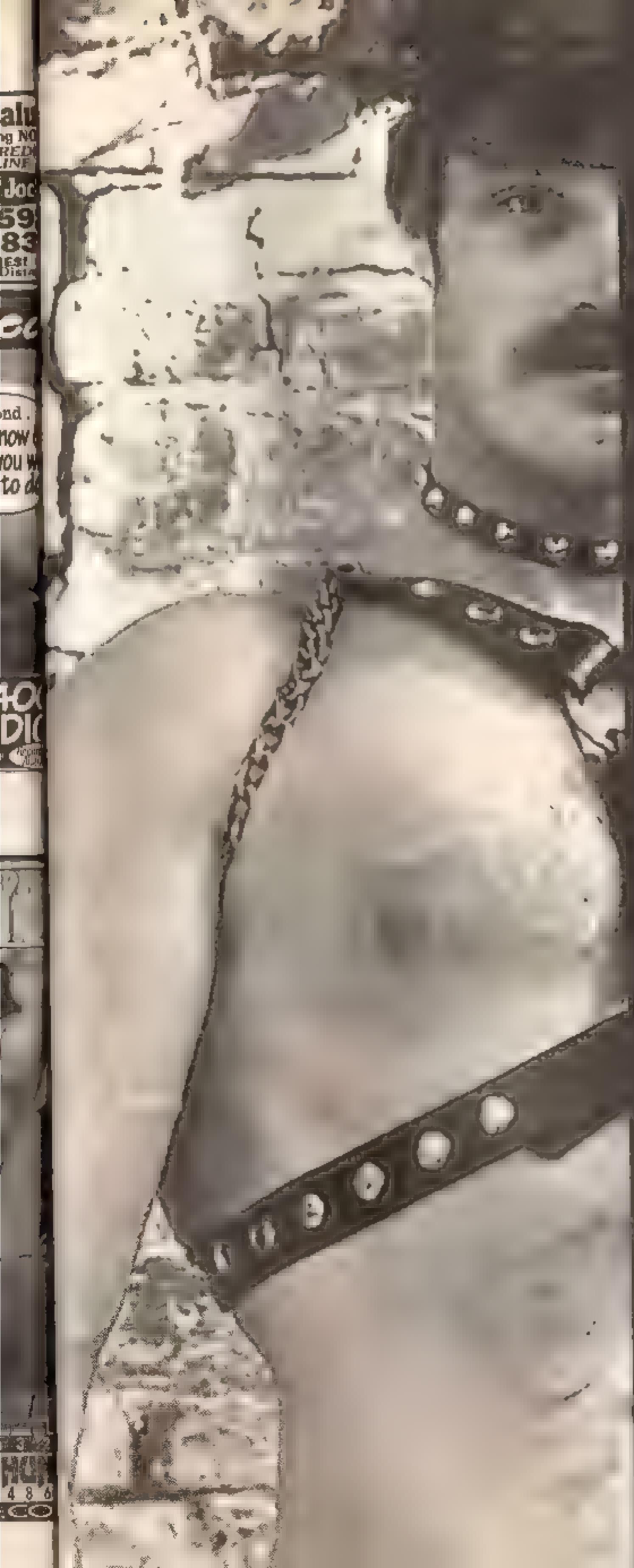


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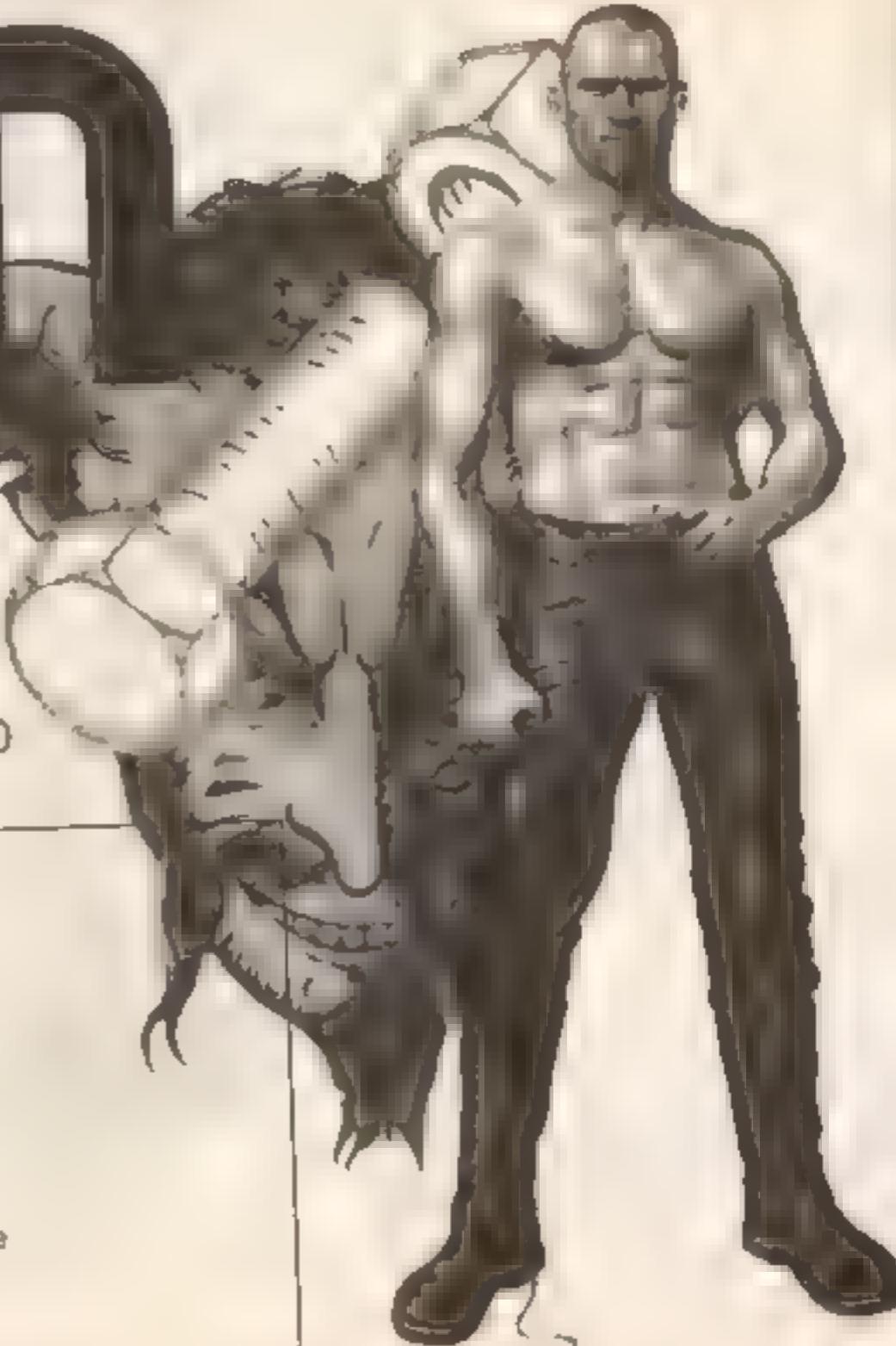
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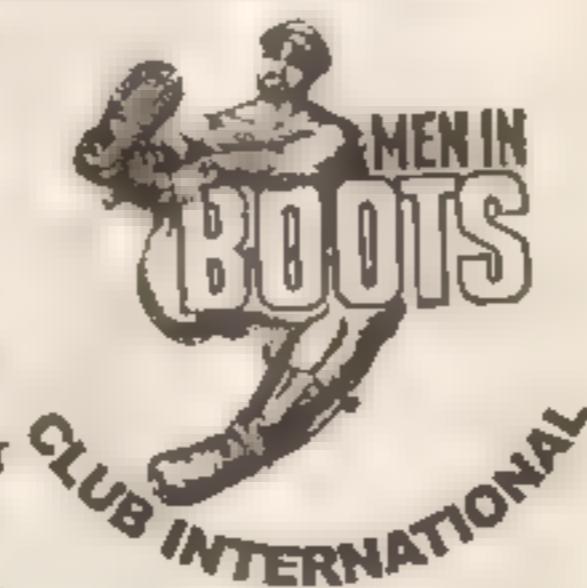
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BOOK SECTION

IN THIS ISSUE

Book Reviews

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"The Big Cheese"

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"Cheese took his hand away from his cock. It sprang up, then dipped. The string of pre-cum reached the floor. If he wasn't careful, he was going to shoot his load. He wanted to save it for later, maybe even make this freak take it down his throat."

BOOK REVIEWS

By David May

Do-It-Yourself Piston Polishing

(For Non-Mechanics)

By Scott O'Hara. Published by Bad Boy, 101 Second Avenue, New York, New York, 10017. 207 pages. \$6.50.

Scott O'Hara's erotica, both fictional and autobiographical, has been entertaining us for the last five years or more. He appeared in all our volumes of *Flesh and the Word* where he beguiled us with the witty recounting of his life in the adult entertainment industry, and had us by the balls laughing in his series of essays entitled "How I Got AIDS: Memoirs of a Working Boy" in the much missed HIV humor zine, *Seased Pariah News*. All this in addition to his work as a professional weenie whacker on stage and screen. Clearly a very accomplished young man of many talents. So I approached his new collection of

SCOTT
OHARA

DO IT YOURSELF
PISTON POLISHING





smutty fictions with a great deal of anticipation and delight.

"Do-It-Yourself Piston Polishing (For Non-Mechanics)" is, as the title suggests, a collection of witty and entertaining one-handed fictions. The stories are more than jerk-off fantasies, though. They are filled with clever asides on gay male sex ("His hands on the back of my head weren't necessary... but it's a touch that always turns me on"), interesting observations on male oriented lust and love ("Fucking is about trust; sucking is about pleasure"), and pointed commentaries on the impact of HIV on sex in the 1990s ("This was a friendly and uninhibited group of Positives, who knew that exquisite pleasure that few people have been allowed to experience in recent years: freedom from worry.")

O'Hara's upfrontness about his HIV status is refreshing, particularly in regards to his (not unreasonable) decision to have unprotected sex with other consenting positives. Being HIV-positive myself, I've always especially enjoyed reading O'Hara's stories because they are so often about the erotic adventures of other sexually active, gay men liv-

ing with HIV. All well and good until I came to the disturbingly unerotic story, "The Power of Positivity."

I had to remind myself after reading this story that, as Oscar Wilde once told us, a book is neither moral or immoral, just well or badly written - because my first reaction was that this is an immoral tale. It is the first person narrative of a seropositive man who intentionally and maliciously infects an HIV-negative man, a man who has been in a monogamous relationship for the last seven years, effectively infecting two (or more) men with a single (as it were) stroke, and all without a bit of remorse.

I wondered at this story, why it was included, and why it was even written. Where was the erotic pay off in this story? While the sex scenes were enjoyable enough unto themselves, was I supposed to be sexually excited by serial murder? Certainly, I've never been very sympathetic to anyone foolish enough to let themselves be fucked without a condom when they know better, no matter what a man says, but neither is it erotic. And being no great believer in monogamy myself, I can see the pleasure in doing a man who is supposed to be true to his husband. In fact, I've done as much on more than one occasion over the years and always with great satisfaction, even as I kept the conquest a secret for years. But, the rest of it?

Perhaps, I thought, it is the narrator's amorality that is supposed to excite me? I know I've always been turned on by amoral men, by the kind of careless cruelty their libidos emanate, and have written about this fascination myself at some length on several occasions. Only this story doesn't read that way: The narrator is fully conscious of his actions, infects his fuck buddy, disrupts what has apparently been a stable relationship thus far, and is clearly proud of it. While Scott

O'Hara apparently finds this scenario a turn-on, will anyone else? I don't know.

In the end I have to dismiss this story as an aberration in an otherwise entertaining collection. It's only a story, after all, neither good nor bad, but one that is disturbing without being erotic, without a payoff that justifies the reader's horror and dismay. It would be unfortunate if this story is the book's, *raison d'être*, for there is nothing in it to get one's dick hard.

Ultimately, each reader will decide for himself whether or not "The Power of Positivity" has value. Certainly the rest of the book is not without its charms, and I recommend it, especially for the final three stories that explore the erotic potential O'Hara finds in Christian religious imagery, mythology and speculative fiction.

Read it. But be warned.

Happily Ever After - Erotic Fairy Tales for Men

Edited by Michael Ford. Published by Richard Kasak Books, 801 Second Avenue, New York, New York, 10017. 429 pages plus notes about the authors. \$12.95.

Fairy tales, and folk literature in general, are an important part of every society's cultural history. With the industrialization of Europe and North America, efforts were made to preserve this part of our heritage, with similar efforts being made to retain the oral literature of native peoples around the world. In the second half of the twentieth century, in light of Freud, and the discovery of the original darker and grizzlier versions of popular fairy tales, more attention has been given to the text of fairy tales (e.g., Sondheim's "Into the Woods" or Anne Sexton's "Transformations"), exploring the underlying, and often very sexual ideas, the stories try to disguise.

In "Happily Ever After" Michael Ford gathers together a collection



queer men's erotic interpretations of both popular and less known fairy tales. Some stories, like "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Little Red Riding Hood" (interpreted brilliantly here by William Mann and Scott Robbins, respectively), already seethe with sexual tension that begs to be released. Tales from sources less familiar to most North American readers, like the Native American

"How the Coyote Stole the Sun" by M. Christian, the Turkish "The Padishah's Son and the Fox" by Alex Jeffers, and the Yiddish "Honey from the Rock" by Lev Raphael, are also offered here with equal brilliance, each exploring the tale's erotic potential with wit and intelligence. This is a book for both the erotica enthusiast and the amateur folklorist. If, like me, you're both, you'll

find this book a rare treat.

Masters

By Victor Terry. Published by Bad Boy, 801 Second Avenue, New York, New York, 10017. 211 pages. \$6.50.

I've been a big fan of Victor Terry's one-handed fiction from the moment I read his *Training Towser* back in 1981 - only back then I thought he was a guy named David Stratton because that was the pseudonym he was using at the time. Collected here with another favorite of mine, *Prey*, a story I originally read in the short-lived *Folsom* magazine, Terry's newest collection of erotic fiction, *Masters*, is a rare treat.

The title, "Masters," says it all. These stories are about Masters and slaves, dominance and submission, and everything this reader loves about SM. Terry's short fiction continues to be well-crafted, literate and entertaining in this collection, stimulating the brain as well as the groin. For instance, Terry often spends as much, if not more, time writing about the developing sexual tension as he does about its resolution, as in the perniciously romantic "Liberty Fireworks." The sexual energy often remains high at the story's end, though, as in the delicious leather fables, "Bull Masters" and "Richard."

Like all really good erotic fiction, Terry's work transcends the genre at times, speaking to our intellects as well as our genitals, using fiction to delve into the deeper, some might say darker, sides of our sexual selves.

Victor Terry, under his varied pseudonyms, has long been on the cutting edge of erotic fiction, an inspiration to many other writers in the genre. This new collection of sexual short fiction is a must for any connoisseur or collector of written erotica.

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THE BIG CHEESE

CHEESE WAS AWARE OF THE GUY AT THE NEXT URINAL WHO SEEMED MORE INTERESTED IN PEERING OVER AT HIM THAN EMPTYING HIS BLADDER. THE FACT WAS, CHEESE ENJOYED SHOWING OFF HIS HEALTHY, UNCUT, FAT PIECE OF WHITE MEAT. HE WAS USED TO HAVING HIS COCK OGLED.

SHORT STORY BY DICK BETTIS

Cheese took pleasure in watching the lit butt end hiss out as his piss saturated the unfinished cigarette he had tossed into the urinal. The forceful flow of his urine disintegrated the thin paper of the non-filtered butt, scattering the tobacco as the yellow flow of his liquid swirled and gurgled, all of it disappearing down the bowl. Cheese took pleasure too, aware of the guy at the next urinal who seemed more interested in peering over at him than emptying his bladder.

The fact was, Cheese enjoyed showing off his healthy, uncut, fat piece of white meat. He was used to having his cock ogled. Not many guys possessed almost twelve inches. Showing it off was a habit he developed in Junior High School after his first gym shower, which was also the first opportunity he had ever had to compare his equipment to other boy's—that is, outside of his older brother, Mark, who while not as big as Cheese, hadn't fared too badly. The first exposure seemed to bring him instant respect, even from the gym teacher. Since that time, he didn't stop growing physically right up and through high school, graduating by the skin of his teeth at six-feet-five-inches tall with the nickname of Big Cheese.

Showing off his cock, however, was a private and personal act. Cheese was otherwise very shy. He was also very hot-headed and prone towards violence, especially if anyone thought he might be interested in anything but displaying his meat for viewing. Sure his cock would sometimes get bone-hard, as was beginning to happen now, something he didn't really understand. But he was even more proud to show it off hard. That wasn't to say he was a faggot. If cheese never showed it to girls, let alone fucked one, it was only for lack of opportunity. For some reason girls seemed to be afraid of him.



Then there was that one moment of weakness when he had allowed some creep to give him a blow-job after he had beaten the guy up for asking. That stupid guy had to be hurting after Cheese punched him hard in the stomach, then plowed him on the back with double fists, sprawling the punk out on the ground. But instead of running away as fast as he could like all the other creeps, this guy got to his knees and took Cheese's cock deep into his throat. Cheese was caught off guard, and the punk was too. Before he could even make one upward stroke on the fat, uncut dick, let alone swallow, the punk found himself gagging on a hot load of cum as thick as top cream. If Cheese hadn't been overcome with embarrassment, he would have practically killed the guy.

Cheese stared at his cock as it

slowly rose to a rigid state, going off on being watched by a stranger. What happened next, however, was completely unexpected. The man at the next urinal suddenly dropped to a push-up position on the floor and started to sniff a hole in his worn boots. Cheese had only acquired the boots that morning from the top of a garbage can. His brother had kicked him out of the house. His sister-in-law had thrown his sneakers in the washer, along with his other clothing. It had all happened so fast.

Cheese had only come to New York City the previous evening for the first time. Arriving on a bus from Mechanicsville, Pennsylvania, he had just enough money to make it to his brother's apartment on West Street. It was Mark who urged him to come after Cheese had made a few of his frequent calls for m

CHEESE TOOK HIS HAND AWAY FROM HIS COCK. IT SPRANG UP, THEN DIPPED. THE STRING OF PRE-CUM REACHED THE FLOOR. IF HE WASN'T CAREFUL, HE WAS GOING TO SHOOT HIS LOAD. HE WANTED TO SAVE IT FOR LATER, MAYBE EVEN MAKE THIS FREAK TAKE IT DOWN HIS THROAT. JUST WHAT THE FUCKIN' BASTARD DESERVES.

Cheese was out of a job—in the four years since he'd graduated from high school, this was not unusual—and his old, run-down car was beyond repair. Mark, three years older than Cheese thought he should take his brother under his wing, especially since their mother and father urged him to help out. They couldn't afford to support Cheese. As it was, he was in and out of County Jail for one assault after another, which for some odd reason, always seemed to occur in public bathrooms.

The glitch happened innocently enough when Sandra, Mark's wife, scolded Cheese that very morning. He was in the middle of the living room getting dressed, after having spent the night sleeping nude on the convertible sofa. Cheese had just pulled his rather overworn underwear up to his knees when Sandra walked into the room.

"Chris!" she admonished—like her husband, she couldn't bring herself to call him Cheese—"Your underwear is filthy! Didn't you bring a change of clothes?" She then began to tsk, picking up his jeans, socks, shirt and sneakers from the floor before Cheese had his underwear all the way up. Before he knew it, Sandra was out of the room and back again. She tossed some of Mark's clothing at him. As Cheese began to pick up his brother's clean clothing, Sandra practically screamed at him. "Oh, no, you don't! Get out of those filthy briefs. My god, they're yellow!"

Cheese's face reddened. He turned his back to Sandra, bent over and began to remove his dirty underwear when he heard Mark's voice boom, "What the fuck do you think you're doing in front of my wife!"

"I told him to," Sandra began to explain, but Mark cut her off.

"Get the hell out of here, Sandra, now! I never told you about this aspect of my perverted brother. He's a goddam exhibitionist!"

Cheese was jumping into his brother's too-small jeans, when Mark shouted. "The fuckin' blinds are up! Christ, we have to live here! I knew this wasn't going to work out."

Cheese pulled his brother's t-shirt over his head as the tirade continued.

"Get out of here now, Chris, just get out!" Mark pulled a wad of bills out of his pants pocket and threw them at his brother. "It's at least sixty bucks. Get your fuckin' shoes on and get out."

"Sandra took my sneakers," Cheese muttered, hardly able to button his brother's pants, which came up above the ankles and were too tight in the crotch, crushing his nuts. Cheese was hardly able to tuck his cock into the jeans to zipper the fly.

"Just pick up the money and get out," Mark said snidely. "Go get into a fight with some unsuspecting asshole in some filthy men's room, for all I care. Maybe he'll have a pair of shoes that fit."

This was unlikely since Cheese wore a size 13, triple E. That's why it was a god-send that Cheese had found the boots he was wearing. They were sitting on a garbage can lid for the taking, a mere two brownstones up from where his brother and sister-in-law lived. Despite the hole in the left boot right where his big toe fit, the boots fit and he didn't have to go barefoot. He was mad as hell, for sure, and for sure, he could have beaten the shit out of his older brother, but he was too relieved to bother. Sandra kept their apartment too clean, and expected good table manners. Cheese felt uncomfortable just sitting on their white sofa. Besides, he couldn't tolerate order.

That apartment was much too orderly. As for his clothing being dirty, why, he had only worn them for two weeks!

Now he stood at this urinal in some public john in a park his brother called Riverside Park, minding his own business, getting off on himself, and some perverted creep was on the floor sniffing at his boots.

Cheese kicked the man away, sending him flying into one of the doorless toilet booths. The restriction of his brother's pants cut into his fat rod, making it bulge veiny-blue and red. A clear drop of pre-cum seeped out of the opening of his ample foreskin, but Cheese was too angry to feel any pleasure from his rigid cock. He lifted a leg to ram his boot into the man's face—his head was resting on the rim of the toilet bowl—then was caught completely off guard when the man just as quickly grabbed his oncoming foot and tried to take the toe of his immense boot into his mouth. The man managed to get some of it in, Cheese knew, because he felt his tongue slipping into the hole.

Cheese reached down and yanked the man off the floor, then threw him up against the tile wall behind the tankless commode. A mistake, since now the man was grabbing to get what Cheese thought was a taste of his cock. But instead the man loudly sniffed.

"You want it?" Cheese found himself yelling as he plucked the man up again, managing to throw him out of the booth and across the tile floor to the urinals. Now when he said, "You want it?" Cheese wasn't referring to the throbbing cock, which now had a string of pre-cum falling onto his boots. He was referring to his fists. But damn if he didn't say, "yeah," several times in short breaths, his eyes on Cheese's cock,

HAROLD RAISED HIS HEARD WITH DIFFICULTY SINCE CHEESE KEPT HIS FOOT ON IT. HE PREVAILED, HOWEVER, AND WAS REWARDED NOT ONLY WITH AN UNDERVIEW OF CHEESE'S CROTCH, BALLS, AND MAMMOUTH CROTCH, BUT A GLOB OF RICH-TASTING PRE-CUM. THE SLICK JUICE Tasted LIKE A MIXTURE OF SUGAR AND GOAT CHEESE.

his own cock leaping inside his calf-skin pants.

Cheese stood over the man, looking down at him in disbelief. This guy had to be crazy. He was half Cheese's size, and one good fist to his chops would probably end his life. Cheese slowly shook his head. "You're one fucking' lucky son-of-a-bitch." He snarled, then spit in the man's face, shocked then, to see the man's tongue come flying out of his mouth to get what he could of Cheese's spit. "Umph, you like that?" Cheese asked in disgust, spitting a bigger wad of spit into the man's face before turning around to go. "I ain't seen nothing but a bunch of crazy people since I've come to this city. And if I didn't think you were crazy, I'd kill you."

Cheese began to walk away, cursing because he couldn't quite tuck his hard cock into his brother's too-tight jeans. He had no choice but to suck his gut in to unbutton the waist. At the very moment the metal button tore away from the waistband to fly across the room, he felt a pair of hands tugging at the back of his jeans. Before he could turn around, the downed man's nose was up the crack of his ass. Cheese just began to laugh. "Shit, man, you just don't give up, do you? Why, you're like a dog in heat. I've never seen anything like this. Now are you going to get your nose out of my ass or am I going to have to fuck you up?"

The man's hands were suddenly grabbing for Cheese's cock. Cheese stiffened. he felt the man's tongue flipping along the crack of his ass. His knees weakened. Any moment now he was going to lose his footing, thanks to the fact that his jeans were strangling his thighs and pressing his legs together, making standing up difficult. The other problem was that he knew his asshole was

dirty and this man was "What?" he said aloud to himself—kissing his butthole. And if what he was feeling was correct, the man was trying to shove his roving tongue up his ass.

"Stop it!" was all that Cheese could yell as he pulled at the man's wrists to get his hands off his slippery cock. The man had managed to pull foreskin back. The bulbous head of Cheese's cock was beet-red, dripping more pre-cum than he had ever remembered seeing before. The neck of his cock was beet-red, too, shiny and streaked with white lines and a blue vein selling and pulsating as if it were going to pop from beneath the almost transparent skin.

"Like this, Sir?" the man garbled, his lips practically glued to Cheese's asshole, tongue-fucking the rancid chute.

"Ugh, what?" was all Cheese could utter as he lost his footing. His feelings were mixed, to say the least. he was livid with anger, but at the same time he was hornier than he ever imagined possible. When his feet flew forward and high into the air and he heard a loud crack as he landed ass-down onto the man's head, he didn't care at all if the man's head had cracked open like a melon. Juice from his cock flew into the air as he fell backwards, landing with a splat across his nose. The man groaned.

"Sorry, Sir," the man said barely audibly. "Guess I'll get it good for this mistake."

"That's right," Cheese found himself saying, lifting his ass up from the man's head, balancing himself with the flat of his hands behind his back to the floor. "If you wanna eat my ass, get your fucking' face in position so I can smother ya! and if you die up my asshole, too goddamn bad. At least you'll go getting what

you want!"

The man started to say something as Cheese pushed his torso up, caught himself by his ass cheeks, then spread them wide, in the next second landing firmly with his asshole fully opened over the man's waiting mouth, cutting off whatever the man was about to say.

Again, Cheese hoped the man's head hadn't cracked open, but he was in too hot a frenzy to really care. After all the guy was only getting what he deserved. "If you want a taste, Cheese said, showing some consideration, easing his ass up slightly. "get your head up between my legs and suck my balls! I'm sure they're sweaty and dirty enough for you, too." With some effort, the man happily obliged.

Cheese was feeling sensations so new, so absolutely thrilling, he couldn't help but shout in satisfaction. "One nut at a time, fucker! One nut at a time, or I'll make you eat these goddamn boots." He finished with a cry of pain as both his giant balls were practically swallowed.

Cheese's anger boiled over. In a split second he was up on his feet, literally tearing the legs of his brother's jeans into shreds. He spun around and clicked the man in the jaw. "Didn't I tell you to take just one nut at a time, weirdo?"

"Sir, sorry, Sir!" the man spluttered, licking his teeth to see if the nuts were still all in place.

"Not good enough!" Cheese shouted back. He pushed the flat of a boot into the man's face, grinding it for good measure and thinking to himself, "For all I know, this guy's gonna be getting his kicks." Cheese laughed. "Getting your kicks in more ways than one, huh?" he said, kicking the man in the ribs, being careful not to break any bones. Then he felt rather

dumbfounded when he heard himself saying, "Pull out your pecker and jerk it off."

Cheese looked down at the man, noticing for the first time that he was wearing a small leather vest, and that his black pants were also leather. His black leather boots looked new. The man was thin, maybe in his early thirties, but somewhat attractive, despite his balding head. As Cheese scrutinized the man, a power was filling him that seemed to fit somehow. Then his cock bounced, throwing off a goodly amount of pre-cum. Meanwhile, the man was looking up at Cheese's active cock as if he were seeing god. He fumbled with his leather pants to pull them down.

"What the fuck is that you got on your dick?" Cheese asked.

"Sir, a cockring. Sir! I'll take it off, Sir, if you want."

"Nah, keep it on. I like it. Now beat your meat."

Cheese began to tease the man, holding his boot with the tear just high enough for the man to attempt to get at it, then lifting his boot higher.

"Please, Sir, please, don't make me do this," the man wailed, as his spunk began spitting out of his cock faster than a squirt gun could shoot.

Cheese took it all in with pleasure, as well as curiosity. He had never actually seen another man come off before. It was devious of him, he knew, but he wanted the man to cum so that he could torture him, torture him without giving the man the pleasure of sharing in the excitement. He wanted the man to suck his cock with a limp dick, to make the man really eat his asshole and, for a finish, suck his feet clean.

"Do whatever you want to do to me, Sir," the man cried, sending yet one more blob of white shoot into the air.

If Cheese thought this man was going to lose his hard-on, he was wrong. If anything, the man seemed more turned-on.



"Come home with me," the man said, panting. "It's not safe here."

Cheese skewered his face. His nuts were weighted with pent-up cum. He looked at himself. He had ripped his jeans to shreds. "I don't have anything to wear!" Cheese moaned. "I can't go anywhere like that!"

The man suddenly dove for

Cheese's cock. Cheese slapped him away, but not before the man got a good lick. "You live close by?" Cheese asked.

The man began to sniff at Cheese's boots. "Yeah," he murmured. "I got a bag in the last toilet booth and some towels, you can wear them." The man looked up at Cheese's face, admiring his ruddy

cheeks. Cheese's eyes were big and blue as blue can be, but almost slanted. His brows had a mean arch. His full mouth seemed to possess a permanent snarl. His teeth were shiny white, but crooked, somehow befitting what, from the man's position, was a towering giant.

The man had difficulty studying Cheese's face further because Cheese's strong, uncut cock was looping and jumping at it as if it was about to blast away. The last thing he took in before making a last ditch attempt to get his lips locked around Cheese's cock was the brutish cut hair. Cheese's light brown hair looked as if it had been cut hastily by a blind barber. But then, the man thought, he probably lived on the Lower East Side.

That was the last thought he had for some moments. As he went to take Cheese's cock, Cheese picked the man up by the neck, tossing him to the far wall near the last toilet booth.

"Get the fuckin' towels!" Cheese barked. "Sure, I'll go home with you. But I'm warning you, get me angry and no telling what will happen."

"I hear you," the man said, rummaging through his bag. He found only one towel, but it was a beach towel big enough to wrap around the waist of this hot number he was picking up. "Yes," the man said, more to himself than to Cheese. "No telling what good things might happen if I get you angry."

"Like what?" Cheese asked.

The man was going to say something clever, but thought better of it. It was just pure luck that no one had walked into the bathroom yet. But then it could only be about 7:30 in the morning. "I said, what are you going to do about your boner?"

"I'll worry about that," Cheese said. He slowly stroke himself. "You like looking at big cock?"

"Oh, yeah," the man said, peering out of the booth, his dwindling cock back on the rise. "I love to look



at big cock."

"Yeah," Cheese said, teasing himself, pulling his foreskin back, then squeezing his dick at his balls, forcing the string of pre-cum to thicken. "I love having my big cock looked at, so maybe you and I have something in common."

"More than you can imagine," the man said, his voice breaking, his eyes glued to Cheese's cock. "Let's go home and I'll look at your cock for

as long as you want me to."

Cheese took his hand away from his cock. It sprang up, then dipped. The string of pre-cum reached the floor. If he wasn't careful, he was going to shoot his load. He wanted to save it for later, maybe even make this freak take it down his throat. Just what the fuckin' bastard deserves.

"Where's the friggin' towel?" Cheese said. "Let's go."

HAROLD WALKED STIFFLY IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SMALL KITCHEN, HIS HARDENED COCK NUDGING AGAINST THE INSIDE OF HIS PANTS. HIS LEGS ACTUALLY FELT WOBBLY. HE COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS LUCK. THE FACT THAT THIS BRUTE HE BROUGHT HOME MIGHT AT ANY MOMENT TURN VIOLENT ONLY MADE HIM FEEL HOTTER.

"My name's Harold," the man said, extending his hand as he shut the door to his apartment. They had walked two flights of stairs and entered the second door down a small hallway.

"What the fuck do I care what your name is," Cheese said with disdain. "I don't wanna know our name!"

Cheese tightened the knot on the beach towel he was wearing, something he did self-consciously every few seconds as they walked to Harold's place, a brownstone on West 72nd Street between West End Avenue and Broadway. Cheese had secured the towel around his waist, tying his hard prick in place against his stomach, hoping it wouldn't show. The problem was, his cock was so slick, his foreskin so lubricated, that (a) he couldn't lose his boner because of the constant rubbing up and down his firm stomach, and (b) the tip of his cockhead kept rising above the waist of the towel as he walked. His brother's t-shirt was of little help since it barely went below the towel. A huge wet spot was noticeable on the bottom front of the t-shirt because Cheese's cock was till juicing.

Cheese and Harold stood in the small, dark, vestibule that led into the one-bedroom apartment. Daylight from the two windows in the living room just off the vestibule gave the well-appointed room a kind of welcoming golden haze.

The man dropped his extended hand and pointed in the direction of the living room instead. "Make yourself at home," he said.

Cheese walked into the living room, taking note of the layout while Harold double-latched the door. Plopping down in a comfortable, but low to the floor, wingback chair, Cheese had no choice but to extend

his legs fully in front of himself.

"Can I get you something to drink?" Harold asked, awed by the sight before him. Cheese's large boots were accentuated by the extension of his bare legs, which were massive and hairy. His huge, prickly balls were visible beneath the towel that rested above his knees. "Some coffee, maybe," Harold said, walking stiffly in the direction of the small kitchen, his hardened cock nudging against the inside of his leather pants. His legs actually felt wobbly. He couldn't believe his luck. The fact that this brute he brought home might at any moment turn violent only made him feel hotter. Instinctively, he felt safe, but past experience taught him that guys unsure of their sexuality, especially if they were Cheese's age, could be dangerous. There was a big difference between consensual rough sex and pure, raw, physical violence lacking integrity. That was why he had suggested coffee. He wanted time to fool Cheese out and lay some ground rules so things wouldn't get out of hand.

"I thought you wanted to look at my big cock," Cheese said huskily.

Harold stopped dead in his tracks. He wanted to explain that coffee would give them a chance to get to know each other, but this guy didn't even want to know his name. He stopped also because of lust. His prick was jumping hard. He slowly nudged himself in Cheese's direction as if he were on a slow-moving turntable. His legs felt numb. His mouth filled with saliva. A blur slightly clouded his vision. The morning sun, beaming in the window behind Cheese, illuminated the rest of the room, highlighting him. Cheese sat with his legs spread, the towel removed, thumbing the inside of his foreskin, cupping his balls with the

other hand, the better to show off the hairy crotch leading to the hairy valley of his firm, white asscheeks. Harold found himself crumpling to his knees, hardly able to breathe.

"Like it?" Cheese asked, pressing his dripping cock down, pointing it in Harold's direction. The folds of his foreskin crinkled hut like a fleshy door that could only be opened by tongue.

Harold with great effort, managed to shake his head back and forth.

Cheese looked down at his boots, glanced up at Harold, then nodded his head in the direction of the left one. He wiggled his big toe, lifting the torn leather of the boot just enough for a hint of pink toenail to show.

Unfortunately, Harold missed all of this because he couldn't take his eyes off the greatest cock he had ever seen. It pointed towards him, leaking a thick stream of clear cock juice distracting Harold from the scene Cheese was setting up.

Cheese jumped out of his chair. Before Harold could twitch a muscle, he was airborne, held aloft by the strong seams in the arm-holes of his leather vest. On the way up, Harold caught a faint whiff of Cheese's breath, thinking for the briefest second that the guy still had morning breath and should have brushed his teeth. That thought, however, was ended by a sharp pain in his gut. Cheese held him high over his head while taking a good bite out of his stomach, clenching his teeth tightly before withdrawing. Harold let out a cry. Harold's feet brushed up against the low ceiling. "I told you to sniff my boots," Cheese said angrily, "and you didn't even notice!"

"Easy," Harold whimpered, just before he was tossed on the sofa, grateful to land there and on his back. What little hair Harold had

CHEESE WAS TOO CAUGHT UP IN HIS NEW-FOUND WISDOM TO CLIMAX. THE CONNECTION OF HIS NAME TO HIS COCK HAD JUST NEVER SUNK INTO HIS HEAD. BUT HE DIDN'T WASTE A LOT OF TIME MARVELING OR MEDIATING ON HIS SUDDEN FLASH OF UNDERSTANDING. HE WAS TOO CAUGHT UP IN THE EXCITEMENT OF WATCHING HAROLD.

stood on end as Cheese lumbered towards him, arms out as if he were about to throw him somewhere else.

Cheese lifted Harold by his vest, but instead of tossing him, he pulled him off the sofa, down to his feet. Harold could feel a streak of cock slime slide across his chest as he was roughly shoved to Cheese's torn boot. The other one rested on top of his head.

"I'm offering you the opportunity to sniff at my fuckin' feet this one last time. Blow it again and you'll be pickin' yourself off the sidewalk below!"

Harold swiped at Cheese's boot with his adept tongue, only to get his nose practically crushed. Cheese pressed his other foot harder on his head. "What a goddamn fuck-up! I told you to sniff! Sniff, asshole! I didn't tell you to lick!" Cheese released pressure from the foot on Harold's head. "Look up!" he commanded.

Harold raised his head with difficulty since Cheese kept his foot on it. He prevailed, however, and was rewarded not only with an under view of Cheese's crotch, balls and mammoth cock, but a goodly glob of rich tasting pre-cum. The slick juice tasted like a mixture of sugar and goat cheese. Harold moaned. His hard cock felt as if it were going to tear itself free. He knew from the taste of Cheese's cock juice that if things worked out well, he was going to suck his favorite kind of dick, uncut, cheese and smelly. Another glob of Cheese's juice fell into one of Harold's eyes, stinging it, but Harold didn't even blink. As before, he couldn't take his eyes off of Cheese's cock.

"Okay, that's enough," Cheese said, pushing Harold's head back down to the torn boot. "You can look

at my cock later, now sniff!" Then as if it were an afterthought: "Hey, why haven't I heard you call me Sir once since we got here?"

"Sir, sorry, Sir!" Harold cried out, interrupting a long sniff at the hole in Cheese's boot and thinking, "this kid learns fast."

"Fuck up again and I'll make you shoot your wad," Cheese threatened. He liked this strange, insatiable weirdo at his feet, sniffing at his big toe and was titillated by the idea of watching him jerk off again. The thought made him hotter. Cheese backed up slowly to get to the chair. Harold continued to sniff at the torn boot, crawling to keep his nose at it.

Cheese fell into the chair. "Bet you'd like to swish your tongue around my toes. That right?"

"Sir, yes, Sir." Harold said breathlessly.

"Yeah," was all Cheese said, letting some moments pass as Harold continued to take in the overwhelming, rank, intoxicating odor coming from the hole in the boot.

"So," Cheese said at length, drawing out the o's. His thumb was making slurping sounds as he slid it around inside his foreskin, a sound that had a definite effect on Harold, whose jumping cock felt as if it might unload any second. Harold was keeping his asshole as tightly closed as possible, hoping it might stem the shoot churning in his balls from blasting off.

"Soooooo, a fuckin' creep, slave like you would suck out a guy's butt-hole and thank him for the opportunity, especially if it was dirty, right?"

"Sir, yes, Sir," Harold barely managed to say, a short eruption of cream oozing from his dick.

"And a fuckin' slave like you...notice I said slave, 'cause if you don't realize it, a slave is what

you are.. 'my slave, right?'

"Yes, Sir," Harold whispered sniffing more frantically as Cheese continued to talk.

"And a slave does whatever his master says, that master being me, right!"

"Sir, oh, yes, Sir, yes, yes, Sir." Harold hissed, unable to keep his hungry tongue from slipping inside the hole of the fragrant boot.

"And you want to know my name, right?" Cheese suddenly cried out in an angry voice, kicking Harold so swiftly and hard under the chin that his head practically snapped off his neck and his teeth almost bit through his tongue. Harold cried out in a pain.

Cheese was standing now, straddling Harold, his proud, drippy cock waving as if in a stiff breeze. Though Harold was in genuine fear, adrenalin working overtime, it didn't stop his cock from oozing another flow of cream. Nor did it keep him from gazing up at Cheese's crotch. It only made him squeeze his asshole ever tighter to hold off the inevitable surge of cum.

"I told you to sniff!" Cheese shouted loud enough for everyone in the building to hear. Then he lowered his voice significantly. "Get on your knees, take a whiff of my cock and smell if you can guess my name."

Cheese suddenly came to the realization he had never even contemplated before. He was a slow thinker, even if he was a fast learner. So that's why they call me Cheese, Big Cheese. His cock looped and hardened even more, causing his foreskin to pull back slightly. A dart of pure white juice shot from his pisshole.

Harold had gotten onto his knees as he had been told to, his cock shooting off inside his tight leather



pants despite all efforts to prevent it, something that hadn't gone unnoticed by Cheese. But Harold was lost in such a state of euphoria, all he could focus on was his unending climax. He didn't even know that he was crying out with each explosion of shoot. If the force of his unloading cum had been any stronger, it would have surely squirted through the thin calfskin of his black leather pants.

Cheese was too caught up in his new-found wisdom to climax. The connection of his name to his cock had just never sunk into his head. But he didn't waste a lot of time marvelling or meditating on his sudden flash of understanding. He was too caught up in the excitement of watching Harold. Another spurt of pure, white cream flew from the slit of his pisshole, which peeked out from the dime-sized opening of his foreskin.

"Sniff this," Cheese demanded, holding his cock right under Harold's nose. Harold would probably have collapsed on the spot if Cheese hadn't gripped him from behind his head, holding him up and his nose in place. For Cheese, the ecstasy was that Harold had shot his wad. Having his way with him now was twice as exciting. For Harold, the ecstasy was that his ecstasy had

never even diminished. All he could do was mutter, "Cheese," as he drew in the most fragrant, heavenly mixture of piss, sweat, and cockcheese he had ever had the pleasure of smelling.

"Call me Master," Cheese stammered. He teased Harold's nose with his cock odor, put it under his nose, then pulled it away. Holding firmly onto Harold's head with his big hand.

Cheese kept Harold's nose away from it, then let him get a quick whiff before pulling it away again. "Only my friends call me Cheese. My slaves call me Master. Get it?"

"Sir, got it, Sir," Harold swiftly replied, then blurted out, "Sir, can I taste it, Sir, please, Sir?"

"No," Cheese said, pulling back just enough foreskin to rest at the neck of his cockhead, then quickly removing his cock from beneath Harold's nose before he could even get his tongue out. "Like you said, slave, you'll do anything I like, and right now nothing would make me happier than pissin' in your mouth. How's that sound, fucker?"

Before Harold could get out even one fur, he found his lips stretched over the bulbous head of Cheese's cock. A rush of sweet, salty pee filled his mouth. He hacked and

choked, piss streaming out of the sides of his mouth before he was able to open his throat enough to accommodate the onslaught of man-piss.

Cheese watched with complete satisfaction as piss sprayed out of Harold's nose when he choked. The hot rush of piss up his cock chute, mingled with pre-cum, was both a relief and a sensation beyond anything he had ever felt before. As the flow of piss began to end, he rammed his cock, with all his might, deep down Harold's throat and held it there. He studied Harold's face: First, it reddened, then drained of color. Harold couldn't breathe. In fact, he thought for sure he was going to die, if not from drowning, then from asphyxiation. Cheese wanted to see if Harold's face would turn blue, but better sense won out. He pulled his cock out of Harold's mouth just in time.

Harold felt simultaneously dizzy and even higher than before, if such a thing was possible. His cock hadn't gone down either. "Sir, thank you, Sir. It's my pleasure to be of service."

Cheese just shook his head in wonderment. "Okay, great," he said, placing his hands on his hips, jutting his cock out. "Do whatever you want with it, it's all yours."

Harold had his nose up against the opening in Cheese's foreskin faster than a fly escaping a squatter. He inhaled as deeply as he was able, feeling dizzy all over from the rich, pungent odor of Cheese's cockcheese. He wondered if he dare stick out his tongue to lap away the ever-present pre-cum, sticking his tongue out to do so before he even finished the thought. It was tastier than the first swipe he had managed.

Cheese closed his eyes, sticking to his word, letting Harold do whatever he wanted. When Harold fitted the tip of his tongue around his piss-hole, his asscheeks tightened and he thrust his hips out further, just

about able to mumble, "That's good, slave, that's good."

Harold took the head of Cheese's cock into his mouth slowly, savoring its taste, careful not to push back the foreskin. He wanted to take his time. It was all he could do to keep from just eating it up, but like dessert after a good meal, he wanted to keep the cheesy dick cheesy, a kind of self-torture. He pursed his lips over the pisshole and sucked the sweet nectar out. The cock juice was unending. Next, he opened his mouth wide, taking Cheese's cock to the back of his throat, then swallowing. He was an expert with uncut cock and knew that swallowing the foreskin would give cheese an unexpected pleasure.

Cheese groaned from the sensation of having his cockhead buffed one moment by Harold's throat action, then his foreskin gently stretched each time Harold swallowed. "My balls," Cheese whispered, "lick my balls."

Harold immediate complied. First he lifted the balls with his nose, jostling them over his face, taking in the rich aroma. He ran his tongue gently up the divide of Cheese's nuts, then full mouth, took one nut into his mouth at a time, giving each one a good wash-over with the flat of his tongue. Then he sucked each nut, flicking his tongue, knowing that it would drive Cheese crazy with ecstasy. He wasn't wrong.

Cheese let out a long howl. "Oh, yeah, slave, don't stop, don't stop!"

But it was when Harold stuck his nose into Cheese's crotch that Cheese let go of any inhibitions he might have had up to this point. "Go for it!" He yelled, spinning around and bending over. Cheese spread his cheeks, exposing his ripe asshole. "Kiss it," Cheese begged, then changed his tone. "Kiss it, fucked-up bastard, slave!" he barked.

Harold gladly kissed it.

"Now smell it!" Cheese cried out.

Harold smelled it.

"Now eat out that fuckin' shitty



hole as if you haven't had anything to eat in days. I expect your fuckin', pig-eating' mouth to slobber up until my shithole is clean!"

Again, Harold only too willingly obeyed, using his hands to spread Cheese's asscheeks wider than even Cheese was able.

Cheese's hole was very big. Most of Harold's mouth and nose fitted in, which made Harold so hot that he'd swear he was good for another climax.

Cheese began to tremble. He his nuts lifting up. It was the time he had ever had his ass ea it was more than his store-up J could take. His balls lifted, swa then stopped dead. Cheese sh ed, "Quick!"

Harold understood. In one sw he was grasping Cheese's thigh support, taking Cheese shoo cock into his mouth. It was the ing syndrome all over again, this time more deliriously thr

CHEESE BEGAN TO TREMBLE. HE FELT HIS NUTS LIFTING UP. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME HE HAD EVER HAD HIS ASS EATEN, IT WAS MORE THAN HIS STORED-UP JUICE COULD TAKE. HIS BALLS LIFTED, SWAYED, THEN STOPPED DEAD. CHEESE SHOUTED, "QUICK!" HAROLD UNDERSTOOD. IN ONE SWOOP HE TOOK CHEESE'S SHOOTING COCK INTO HIS MOUTH.

Cheese's spunk was so thick it was as if he were blasting curds of cum, but Harold hung on for all he was worth.

Cheese shook like a baby's rattle, holding on the back of Harold's head with both hands, his cock to the hilt down Harold's throat. Harold could feel his throat expanding with each succession of shoot that flew out of Cheese's cock. He didn't have to swallow now. Cheese's cock was too deeply drilled down his throat.

Harold did turn blue this time. It seemed as if Cheese's climax was lasting longer than his pissing. For his part, Cheese was too lost in euphoria to take any responsibility for what was happening to Harold. It was a moment of intimacy Cheese had never known. Fragments of thoughts crossed his mind. He liked this man. No, he liked slaves. Man. Sex. Slave. Homo. Faggot, Queer.

"Enough, slave!" Cheese shouted suddenly, just about ripping Harold's head away from his cock. Cheese stumbled, somewhat dazed. Harold fell backwards and rolled over onto his side, shocked that his dick was pumping out cream again. He was only able to take short breaths.

Cheese collapsed into the chair, looked down at his found boots and smiled. He was still smiling about five minutes later, which is how long it took Harold to revive his sense.

"Sir, thank you, Sir." Harold said softly, curling up on the floor at Cheese's feet, resting his head on the damaged boot.

"You're not welcome," Cheese said.

"Like some coffee now?" Harold offered.

"Naw," Cheese replied, putting his hands behind his head, then yawning. "Get me a beer, slave."

"Beer, Sure, one beer coming up," Harold said.

"What?" Cheese stared menacingly down at Harold, who was eyeing the deep caverns of Cheese's armpits.

"Sir, beer, Sir, right away, Sir."

"That's better," Cheese said, pushing Harold away suddenly before he could get up from the floor. "And hurry," Cheese said. "I'm thirsty."

Three beers for Cheese and one cup of coffee for Harold later, Harold knew all about Cheese's adventures in New York City. Suddenly, Cheese jumped up, his semi-hard cock swinging—it had never gone completely down. "My pants! My brother's pants! I had about \$60 bucks in one of the pockets. I gotta go get my pants!"

"But, they won't be"—Harold corrected himself. "Sir, they won't be there, Sir. Some homeless person has found them by now, for sure...Sir."

Cheese scratched his balls, thinking. "But they were ripped to shreds."

"Sir, no difs, Sir. We can go look, but I don't think it's worthwhile."

Cheese sat down again. "Good enough," he said.

"You are my slave, right?"

"Sir, yes, Sir." Harold said, almost out of habit.

"Good, then I'll stay here. I figure what are slaves for if not to help out? Little red warning lights began to blink off and on in Harold's head. He didn't know what to say. But he never did get to suck out the guy's arm pits or even eat his cheese, for that matter.

He didn't get to finish eating out his ass properly or lick his toes, not to mention some other things, like proper punishment for misbehavior. Harold shuddered. He'd never be

able to take so much dick up his ass.

"Yeah, sure," Harold said slowly. "I mean, Sir, sure. Like you said, what are slaves for if not to help out...Sir. You can stay as long as you want, Sir."

Cheese relaxed, as if some major catastrophe had just been averted. He gave Harold a stern look. "You want it?"

"Sir, what's that, Sir?"

"Piss, but never mind. Maybe later. I'll go to the bathroom."

Harold watched Cheese's ass as he walked in the direction of the bathroom. "Sir, what is your name, Sir, really, Sir?"

"Master," Cheese said, "and you better not forget it. Oh, and you can take my boots out to get new soles."

"But Sir, if they patch the hole in your left boot, it will look, well, patched. Why not get a new pair?"

As Cheese walked through Harold's bedroom on his way to the bathroom, he noticed that there was only one bed. "That's going to be my bed. Slave can sleep on the floor," he thought.

"Cause I don't want a new pair. And who said I want the hole patched? Just listen carefully to what I have to say, slave, and you and I will do fine."

Harold sighed, realizing this guy never heard of role-playing. He hoped he was up to the real thing. "Wouldn't it be funny," Harold thought, his mood brightening, "if he made me sleep on the floor tonight instead of in bed?"

"Need any help in there, Sir?" Harold called into the bedroom.

"If I do, you'll know it," Cheese said over the heavy flow of piss. He watched intently as it splattered into the water of the toilet bowl.

HOW TO MEET TOUGH MEN

1.

Pick up a copy of Drummer Tough Customers magazine. Choose the men you want to meet from the hundreds of photo personals which appear in every issue.

OR

Check out the classified ads in this issue of International Drummer. If the ad has a phone symbol, you can reply on the Drummer Tough Line.

2.

Call one of the two Drummer Tough Line numbers.

3.

Listen to your man's message and leave him your message.



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INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER

HOW TO RESPOND TO CLASSIFIED ADS

A. ADS WITH THE TOUGH LINE SYMBOL, ☠

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billed to your phone. The cost of each call is \$1.98 for each minute (\$2.98 for the first minute).

2. Follow the TOUGH LINE voice Instructions. For 800 calls have your credit card number and expiration date ready. Also have ready the four or five digit numbers appearing at the end of each of your favorite ads.

3. GET READY FOR SOME HOT ACTION ON THE TOUGH LINE!

B. ADS WITH FORWARDING SYMBOL, ☠

1. Look for the forwarding symbol, ☠, following the 4 or 5 digit box numbers at the end of each ad.

2. Compose your HOT response letters and seal each of them in envelopes. Indicate the box number of the ads to which you're responding on the back flap of each envelope. The front of the envelopes may include your return address and MUST INCLUDE CORRECT POSTAGE (see item #3 below for postage rates). LEAVE THE 'SEND TO' PORTION OF THE ENVELOPE BLANK (we fill that in).

3. ADD CORRECT POSTAGE TO EACH RESPONSE (Rates are based on mailing FROM U.S.A.):

a. DOMESTIC U.S. requires 32 cents for the first ounce (31.1 gms.) and 23 cents for each additional ounce.

b. CANADA AND MEXICO require 40 cents for the first ounce (31.1 gms.) and 23 cents for each additional ounce.

c. ALL OTHER OVERSEAS POSTAGE is 50 cents for the first one-half ounce (15.6 gms.), 45 cents for the second one-half ounce, and 39 cents for each additional one-half ounce. (Example: If a letter weighs 1-3/4 ounces (approx. 54.5 gms.), the postage would total \$1.73.)

(We can only accept U.S. currency as payment. Overseas postal vouchers or foreign currency are not acceptable. You may use your credit card or International Money Orders for any charges. If you are overseas responding to a U.S. ad and U.S. postage is not available to you we will provide postage at an additional charge. For 1 - 5 letters send an additional \$2. For 5 - 10 letters send an additional \$5, regardless of weight. Postal rates are correct at the time of this writing and are subject to change without notice. Respondents are responsible for the correct postage at prevailing rates).

Note: Letters not properly prepared or posted will be returned to sender at the discretion of INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER Magazine. We will forward responses to ads in back issues, however, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will be valid.

4. Put STAMPED, sealed letter(s) and \$1 forwarding fee PER LETTER (FREE for LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS please tell us your LF number) in a separate mailer and send to: INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS, PO Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141-0390. Letters are addressed here and forwarded within 2 business days.

NATIONWIDE

"EAGER BOY SEARCHING"

for tough Master to serve/worship/chant. Call 515-532-3707 before 10pm CST. 88354 ☠

150 sadists under 35yo. This 47yo, defiant, big bellied Italian bottom, 270#, wants to be forcefully detained and tortured. Will submit to at least 24hrs. You establish the limits. I want to scream from continuous pain and fear. No acting. Seek sadists who can administer cane, whip, electric, piercing, and CBT. Only requirement is NO INJURY THAT REQUIRES MEDICAL TREATMENT. You must be and enjoy extreme sadist pleasures. If outside my area, send for me and I will reimburse upon your meeting me. Call (212) 961-0791, or leave message for me to return your call. SERIOUS BLACK HUNG TOP SADISTS ONLY. This is for real. No phone sex.

39yo, 6', 175#, BRN/BRN, good body, clean shaven, big thick tool, mostly bottom need hot leather toys. Attitude & WS. We both know what we need. Let's get it on. Can host live on beach. Write with photo. Will answer all. 88335 ☠

ARE YOU INTO MUTUAL BD?

WS, rounch, CBT, A/P F/F? Does rubber/vinyl/leather turn you on? Do you love boots/hoods/chains/mits? I'm 44yo, 5'10", 250#, beard. Looking for buddies, pal, or maybe a kinkmate! So drop me a note at T. Stone, POB 4, Jefferson City, TN 37760 20323 ☠

ASIAN MASTER WANTED

Obedient submissive, WM, late 40s seeks dominant Asian to serve & worship. Light SM, humiliation/V/A, crotch/ass/pid service & groveling. POB 426655, San Francisco, CA 94142

BLACKMAN AND TOILET SEX

Experienced WM, 36yo, 5'7", 150#, good shape with bubble butt! To meet versatile black man with similar interests. For example: leather, speedos, briefs, chains, toys, role play and most freaky scenes, etc. Absolutely no fols, fems, or JO calls. (313)527-2965. 9876 ☠

Sadistic Master, 38yo, 5'9", 181#, seeks slaves to be bound, gagged, and abused. Hoods, gags, cuffs, leather restraints, ropes & chains. Will restrain you as you are subjected to hours of sensual torture. Beginner to brutal. You <40 & trim. Send photo/phone/address. 20458 ☠

INTERNATIONAL

GWM, 31yo, 5'10", 170#, seeks a husky, chubby Daddy or BB who craves the look, smell & feel of the gloves for scenes of tough-talk, hours of humping, sniffing, heavy bag workout, safe boxing lessons. I'm a non-fighter into safe fantasy, relationship possible. 20189 ☠

NOT MUSCLE DADDY

MUSC stud, 31yo, 5'8", 170# wants to be owned by a MUSC, strong, dom male Master/toughman. Share your life with a younger打球 guy. Perm only. I'm loyal, quiet. Relocation for butch outdoorsman. Must be large/husky and rugged. Photo required. POB 3124, Showsheen Village Station, Andover, MA 01810-0803. 20343 ☠

BRACES

Interested in meeting guys who wear or are into teeth braces or body braces. Jim, POB 1107, Arlington Hts., IL 60006

Fl. Lauderdale late 40's, crewcut, In-shape, former instructor. Can answer all your questions regarding cosmetron. E-mail: <spelding@geocities.com> or <22050.1327@compuserve.com>

DARK, MUSCULAR TASKMASTER

Hairy Italian BB, 5'9", 43"ch, 28"w, 16"o, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2" cut. Wants full or part time slave for pig & other training. L/L, uniforms, WS, BD, FF, CBT, VA, JO, spanking, worship. You: built, nasty, eager to please. You will work for the privilege of serving me & possibly 1 odd stud 9993 ☠

YOU ARE MY DOG

Seeks in-shape, eager bottoms for aggressive play. 100% Top has fun with everything - mild to wild. Smooth men with deep throats and submissive Daddies a+. Send letter & photo to: POB 73902, Washington, DC 20056.

GWPM, HIV+

GWPM, musc, 50yo, 6'0", 200#, HIV+, hairy, balding, 'stache, smoker, fanatic about extra-soapy (1/4 - 1/2 bar) aggressive, hot, full-belly buttonhole enemas. 150 trim (smooth/shaved a+) "boy" 18-45yo. Want to supervise you on potty after/fuck your clean tender hole, bowels still cramp/aching. ONLY TOO MUCH IS ENOUGH. No scat. Photo/str to: POB 53, Georgetown, TX 78627-0053. Call: 512-930-4934. 20177 ☠

NOT ONLY WOMEN

& wipe your ass on my face. Buttlicker, 32yo, 6'0", 165#, BLND, needs heavy humiliation, VA & rounch from dom., MASC, perverted bully. Sit on my face & enjoy a 6-pack, then spray your piss in my mouth till it runs out my nose. Ugly/hairy men are special turn-ons. 20333 ☠

CLASSIFIEDS

International Drummer #199 Classifieds

GLOSSARY

G	gay
S	straight
Bi	bisexual
M	male
F	female
Cpl	couple
W	white
B	black
L	latino
A	Asian
J	Jewish
Btm	bottom
Slv	slave
yo	years old
'"	feet/inches
#	pounds
cm	centimeters
kg	kilograms
L/L	leather/levi
masc	masculine
musc	Muscular
BB	body builder
VGL	very good looking
UC	uncut
hung	big dick
NS	non-smoker
POB	post office box
ISO	In search of
SKG	seeking
SM	sado
JO	masochism
BD	masturbation
WS	bondage/discipline
scat	water sports
FF	shirt
VA	fist fucking
SS	verbal abuse
elec	safe sex
CBT	electricity
TT	cock/ball
FR a/p	torture
GR a/p	tit torture
CP	French (suck)
M/S	active/passive
	Greek (fuck)
	active/passive
	corporal punishment
	master/slave

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SEARCHING FOR A MASTERS

Searching infinite spirit, heart of bodily ecstasy. Gdkg 5'11", bottom/versatile, 175#, HIV-, B+ cut, 50yo WM. Cox meld with Top or Master/versatile esp. block, slim-trim, obvious in mutual worship of ever deepening sex. Travel nationwide. 20199

FULLTIME SLAVE WANTED NOW

Masc, gdkg WM, 45yo skg GWM for permanent ownership. I am experienced, caring, very demanding, HIV negative, 5'8", 165#, with BRN hair/eyes. Send photo. 20497

HIV+ TOP/DAD ISO GOOD BOY

Virginia Top, hung, ueat, gym-toned exec, 53yo, 5'9", 165#, big place in rural woods seeks "boy" 1/3 son, 1/3 recruit, 1/3 slave 100% satis, "yes, Sir" bottom. Give loyalty, obedience, tight holes. Get support, stability training, discipline, attention. 8940

HOT LEATHER CIGAR BOY

GWM bottom boy, gdkg, 35yo looks 25yo, 5'10", 135#, BRN/BRN 'stache, hairy, hot ass, vry honest, rounch, kink, romantic. Me SM, BD, WS, wax, VA, Ge/p, Fr/o, toys, leather, cigars, FF gags, gimp. Seeks Top/Dad dom, rough, under 55yo, biker, hairy leather, cigars, hung. Plus. Italian, German, Hispanic. Relationship poss. Live Atlanta. Friend John. 20320

HOT LEATHER SLAVE

Hot slave, late 40s, 5'10", 165# lean, muscular, hairy, seeking top quality leather Master for heavy, sole scenes or relationship. Travel often. 5943

I AM A TRUE SADIST

But I am caring and very experienced. If you are 21+yo and interested in developing your talents, I can help you make friends with SM and the pain. I will hurt you but I will never know ugly harm you. POB 7126, Boca Raton, FL 33431 3621

ISO LIFEMATE NOT HEAD GAMES

Sensitive/butch GWM, 31yo, 5'10", 155#, blonde, 'stache, gdkg, celibate. Anti-hair/gay scenes. I'm genuine, faithful homebody after work, loving/giving, comical. The catch? Needs self-confidence. ISO thin, tall GM 28-32yo. Make me relocate! KM. POB 794, Greensburg, PA 15601 20491

LEATHER, RUBBER, ROPE, AND...

Steel to keep you controlled in your position as my slave. Your objective: total service to hot leather/rubber Top; 38yo, 5'8", 180#, BB, B+ dick. You can expect piercings, chastity, shaving, WS, torture and more. Slaves to age 45yo apply. 9969

SEARCHING FOR A MASTERS

36yo, gdkg Italian, 5'9" of submissive slave meat for serious Master that deserves the best and expects nothing less. Thirsty for real experiences. Hungry to please. National responses needed. Relocation poss. to East or West coast. Box 93290, Milwaukee, WI 53203-0290

SEARCHING FOR A MASTERS

Master, 47yo, tall, well-built, hairy, lit., clean-cut, succ, educ sks slaves, 18-35yo, smth, hard, defined. Jocks, All & BB o+ b need Master to guide your life. Will train mexpert with superior physique. Live in large S NH house HIV- only. 603-425-6659 weekends. 20 90

SEARCHING FOR A MASTERS

Tough, 36yo, tall, 175#, male, prof, ed, homeowner seeks male, HIV- for live-in relationship, passion, romance, leather. 407-639-2275. No games. Steve, 4517 Comberly St., Cocoa, FL 32927

SEARCHING FOR A MASTERS

6'0", 195#, GI musc, hairy BB. Big pecs/nips. Works out, over & on muscle. Studs into red hot CBT, BD, SM, CP & boots, vac pumps, training. I'm safe/sane, emotionally avail, 2way scenes poss. Call Larry (818)761-3320

OBEYMENT SLAVEBOY WANTED

All Leatherman, 36yo 5'8" 165# well hung, seeks obedient like slaveboy under 40yo for weekend slave training in My equipped playroom. Expect BD, orders, bootlicking, like-mod SM, public display. POB 50024, Arlington, VA 22205 Relationship possible. 20462

RARE BREED-HUMAN SM CANINE

47yo, 5'10", BRN/HZL, 180#. Sub sks like as kennel, caged human dog in iron collar and shackles & leashed by exp like SM Master to 55yo wanting penn ownership. Sk like in hvy BD. Ken aka Kai, 2603 Barrington Court, Sugar Land, TX 77478-1849 Foto/fone gets mine 20470

SEARCHING FOR A MASTERS

46yo, WM, 5'9", 170# chunky guy, 34" waist, 7", attractive slave. Seeks rounch Master for degradation. Will give total body service. Can travel for the real thing. Total subservience and punishment are the Master's choice. No BS 9824

REFORM SCHOOL

Correction and discipline. Strip search exam, enema, catheter, restraint and shaving as needed. Punishment with institutional strap on bared buttocks. Strict, formal and serious. Call (201) 635-9196. Box 9049

SEARCHING FOR A MASTERS

43yo, BBM, 6'1", 192#, musc, in-shape, tattooed, pierced nipple, S/P hair, goatee, hairy. Seeks hairy Top men for WS, TT, BD, etc. Daddy attitude preferred but will consider all replies. In-shape, musc are +'. Also like phone JD. Live in SW OH. Send phone & photo. 23705

SHAVING: "IT'S A MAN THING"

Men to man by expert with str razor. Shave head, body, both, tidy up head or body hair, military cuts too. Us alone or group. I love to chat & share videos/photos. Discreet call back Ed Johnson, (561) 677-6646, or write: POB 21443, West Palm Beach, FL 33416. 9813

SIR!

Bootlicker begs to serve hot, verbal leathermaster. Versatile WM, 45yo, 5'6", 135#, muscular, nice body. Needs humiliation, bondage, piss, shaving, TT, spanking, mind control, obedience, dog training. Slave will worship cock, ass, feet, body and submit to your control and abuse. S/M 3-ways, travel OK. 8346

STAMFORD BEAR ON THE HUNT

WM, 40's, 5'9", 185#, beard, Italian, BRN hair/eyes, hairy chest, balding, enjoys movies TV, music, beaches, gardening, gym, into kissing/cuddling, rimming, kinky, buttplay, JO, F/O, o/p, any race, some age or younger. John Z 70 Snowberry Hill, GIA, Stamford, CT 06902

STRICTLY BOOTS

want to live my fantasy of boot worship. Masculine, healthy, seeks same. 23703

SUBMISSIVE BOOTLICKER

WM, 5'10", 190#, 25yo This boy is into heavy humiliation and heavy BD; involves sadism, tigors, chew, torture, CBT, showen enemas, toilet training, and dog training with dog food. Boy seeks friends, Daddies, or Masters who like to play rough. 20340

TITANIC BB BOY WANTED

Truly massive, smooth, hard, hot, submissive exhibitionist. Hipped muscle to serve, grow on show by prol, lean, tight, smooth, boyish 5'9", 157#, BRN/GRN, 31yo. Raw, hot sex BD, TT, CBT, SM, can support, sponsor & mate right boy. Photo/phone 8852

TOPMAN WANTS SLAVES

33yo, masculine and sadistic. Not into games fantasy. Want bottom, slave(s) or pig. For discipline/obedience and ownership. into super Daddy types, policemen, military, BB, firemen, bears, athletes, bi, married, raw pig group video/photo, piercings, chastity, skins smoking/drugs only 9867

TRUCKER - US & CANADA

38yo, average build, beard, tattoos, pierced prefer bottom. Love all especially esp. lists, fags & slings. Also like TT, VA, BD, WS & other men into wild nasty pig sex. 9220

WANNABE PIG BOTTOM!

90% Top needs training to become 100% WM, 6'1", 175#, pierced nips, PA. Embarking on journey to pure cockhound. Sks dominant to initiate ironing. SM, BD, CBT, WS, VA, play All scenes considered, Chgo/travel. Answer my call to duty, Sir!!! 20478

WRESTLING OPPONENT SOUGHT

Muscular, athletic, 6'0", 190#, 34yo G seeks in-shape Master who's not afraid to put himself in a wrestling match. Send photo return to POB 1112, Bellmawr, NJ 08099.

WRITE ME NOW!

Dominant GWM convict, young, hung, aggressive, seeks submissive GM for friend possible relationship. Write me now! Your and looks are not an issue. You must have open mind and a positive personality.

CLASSIFIEDS

answer all. Photo and phone appreciated, but not a must. Write now! 23701 ☎

SM/LEATHER
Visit "SM/Leather Website of Record" for gay literature/photo/video + Drummer archive!
www.JackFitscher.com

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

Seeking slaveboy/san. Want to come home after a hard day of bustin' bad guys and be totally worshiped and serviced. Me: young, hung, handsome and athletic. You: boyish 18-35yo, smooth, quiet and eager to please. Reply with photo answered first, novice preferred. 23702 ☎

BOOTS-BALLS-CHAPS-LEVIS

Hot submissive btm ISO dominant leather Top for CBT, BD, hot wax, whips & more. Cigars & spurs are a plus. 584 Castro St. #368, SF, CA 94114

WOMAN WANTED
Long, hard, bare-ass paddings/shoppings Friendship/relationship oriented. Scott (707) 745-1170

WANTED:

GW CPL, retired, partly disabled, in late 40's, both HIV- seek boy for sexual and domestic needs. Boy must be GM 18-35yo, HIV- only (with proof), no drugs, no alcohol, smoking ok but no cigars, homebody person, small home body, bubble butt (firm), hung nice, cut, short hair. Boy must be totally obedient and eager to serve both, discipline, submissive, ownership, affectionate, companionship, and into BD, handcuffs, jockstraps, L/L, toys and most of all trustworthy and honest. This is a full time, live-in position only. Permanent for right boy. Room and board, small salary will be offered by state as an aide to all qualified applicants. No hustlers either. Write with photo and detailed letter of why you want this position. To Sis (Northern California) 9869 ☎

MUSIC. MASTER/MENTOR

Sig boy to train, develop & discipline. Very musc. demanding, well built 88 GWH, 40yo,

6'0", 195#, HIV- will work & mold you. Safe, sane, responsible, development BD, SM confinement, discipline & control. You: GWH, 20-30yo, HIV-, gdkg, serious, no games. Gd letter, photos, phone a must. Central CA 9153 ☎

POTENTIAL PORN STAR

Lived all over U.S. but like East Coast. Live with family but ready to move out! Just want a real guy who likes mixing love, sex, and leather. Will go anywhere for right guy. Serious only reply with photo to: POB 652, Hayward, CA 94541. Must love to leave leather on. 5918 ☎

SADISTIC MASTER NEEDED

WM, 47yo, 5'7", 195# seeks WM in N CA/S.OR to serve. Brian Arnes, POB 243, Happy Camp, CA 96039

WOMAN WANTED
Are you a Daddy/Master in need of a boy/slave to serve, obey & please you? Can you properly train a boy/slave expanding any limits? Are you strict but loving? I am 33yo, 6'0", PA & pierced nipples. My interests include CBT, TT, BD, spanking, etc. I am eager to serve and make you proud! Photo & phone. 20327 ☎

WOMAN WANTED
Can you swallow my big uncut dick and big balls at once? GM, 45yo, 5'8", 165#, BRN/BRN, big hairy chest, HIV+. I love big dicks, so let's play!! San Francisco. 9978 ☎

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BLACK RIBBON BOUTIQUE

6'0", 160#, 30w, 42", 6% BF lean, hard, tight. Looking for other athletic well toned buddies for play... sometimes rough. Mike, POB 881521, San Diego, CA 92168. E-mail: shriman@pacifier.com 8442 ☎

COUPLE SEEKS MASC. TOP

GW couple - 1 top, 1 bottom seeks 2nd Musc top into GR, FR, BD, SM, etc. (818) 244-0886

WOMAN TOP

WM bearcub seeks hot WM Top for friendship, play, and/or possible relations. I am 45yo, hot bim, into SM, BD, WS, It play, levis, boots, leather, etc. Hairy a plus! Relationship possible

DOC'S LEATHERS



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CLASSIFIEDS

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for right person. If serious, write to: JS, POB 6706, Los Angeles, CA 90067. 5917 ☎ ↪

Long, slow, med force whippings given as respct/obed trng by intel 40's+ slim to musc man who enjoy seeing whip marks appear. Proudly pose whip marks. Yes, Sir! Thank you, Sir! Am 6'2", 190#, 50's, HIV+. Can top also 23704 ☎

Gelkg top, 5'9", 150#, HIV+, uncrt, sks human toilet. Ur & pix to Jack. 9926 ☎

CONNECTICUT

ISO Musc. Master 25-45yo. Me: 24yo, 175#, 5'10 1/2" smooth, nice body, UC, into BD, SM, LL, WS, uniforms. Penpals welcome. Photo please. NY, CT, MA, EU. 20499 ☎

DC METRO

Sleek, slender, smooth young guys up to 25yo considered for PT/FT positions. Must be in excellent physical shape, recommended. No experience required but genuine desire a must. Come join my staff. Reply with photo/phone to POB 9346, WDC 20005

FLORIDA

Two Tops/versatile looking for 3-way bottoms for occasional encounter. Must be clean non-smoker and drug free. Do you like it on both ends? 20495 ☎

LIVE-IN BOY WANTED!

Moderately sadistic and caring Daddy, 44yo, average endowment, seeks big dicked, naked slave, 28-38yo, for live-in. WS & paddles a must. Serious only. No phone sex. Platonic friends also wanted for social gatherings. Smokers OK. Call (904) 388-2421 Jacksonville, FL 32236. 88339 ☎

PISSED BUDDY SOUGHT

by goodlooking, bearded Daddy, young fifties, slim & fit. Seeks same for mutual round. Into WS, pits, mansmells, acting ass, and more. Travel JS. Letter with photo gets reply. A Rainmaker, PO Box 37934, Jacksonville, FL 32236. 88339 ☎

ROWDY CONSTRUCTION WORKER

32yo, 5'10", 185#, handsome, very manly w/rock solid musc body seeks hung top macho Latin. Drink my beer while I suck dick, eat ass, kick pits, and drink spit and piss. Use me. Bring friends and party on me. No ladies. Leave voice message: (954) 413-6911 20335 ☎

WHAT TO DO WITH BABY

You from head to feet. Top must be MASC, aggressive, 25-56yo, HIV-. No fats or fems. Me: 158#, 49yo, 5'9", shaved head, Ya, WS, tongue baths, humiliation, cock/armpit/feet sucking. Letter with pix gets reply. Angelo, POB

398062, Miami Beach, Fl. 33239-8062. Serious Only. 20338 ☎

GEORGIA

Good looking toilet slave, 32yo seeks occasional opportunities to service hot, document tops into WS, scat, very heavy BD, humiliation scenes, etc. Discretion is needed. For more info, email me at Kingryholes@aol.com

42yo, 6'0", 205#, 7", NS, HIV- ISO 38-45yo. Most men any race for rough, tough fun. Wants good, hot, sweaty, wrestling, suck/fuck physical sex;unner takes oil. Into leather, BB; skg more leather exp. No scat, WS, smokers, drugs. 20145 ☎

HAWAII

Master provides SM, BD training and instruction for novice bottoms/slaves. Safe, sane, consensual. Limits respected. 20315 ☎

INDIANA

COWBOY WANTS HORSE

6'1", 205#, 67yo Grand Daddy Top wants a big, strong, heavyset son bottom to horseplay, gentle wrestle, mutually workout, swim, soft-sex, sleep, etc. with. J.L., POB 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60161

KANSAS CITY

Hyo GWM, looking for other men for head to head penis-pounding action! I'm into hard dicks lighting it out! Size unimportant! One on one or 2? I also like watching Control IL. 20472 ☎

WANTED: HOT 40ISH CUT.

dominant Daddy to spread my round, smooth, tanned butt cheeks and tongue lube my tight shaved hole, of course leading to the main event of plowing my chute and shooting your load (312)878-1278 anytime 20316 ☎

INDIANA

Seeks stovedog for total service. Must be ready to relocate to my area and get a job. Experienced in kink & need a slave who can take it. SASE for reply. DJF, 1917 - 23 1/2 Lt., Terre Haute, IN 47802.

INDIANA

Want truckers/biker men/rough construction or men that have rough ideas to take this boy slave for life and rope/torture fantasies. Into heavy SM, BD acts. Contact Shane: 1237 Woodfield Ave., South Bend, IN 46615. Call 219-289-2298. Only serious need apply.

MAINE

long, hard, bare-ass paddlings/strappings. Top/bottom, friendship/relationship oriented.

Dave, POB 2004, Bangor, ME 04402. (207)

947-2329 No JD calls/phone sex. 8892 ☎

MICHIGAN

DADDY 4 DADDY

45yo, 5'9", 175#, 'stache & beard. Versatile! Jockstraps++. SW Michigan, NW Oakland Co. I can be your Daddy. Boy! hairy preferred. Email to PHANTOMPHAN@aol.com

Handsome HIV- WM, 31yo, ISO same 18-36yo

for safe, sane, respectful & mutual kink. Special interests: cock whipping/BD, vacuum pumps, hot wax, electricity, sounds, catheters. My dick is hungry to be fucked by one who knows the techniques. Let's probe together! Photo please. 3680 ☎

22yo, 6'2", 170#, GWM wants a dominant man for some fun times. Esp. looking for skinheads/military/uniforms. E-mail me at TDRX@aol.com

MINNESOTA

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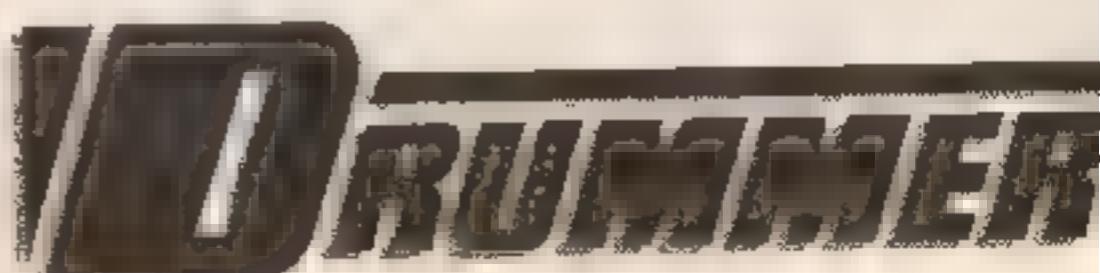
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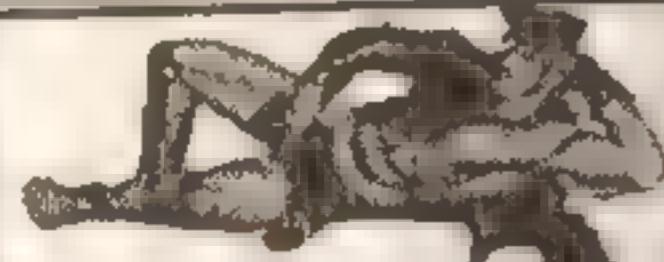
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WORLD-WIDE CALENDAR**AUGUST**

1 Beer Bust
 Palm Springs Leather Order of the Desert, Palm Springs, CA

1-2 ILLINOIS MR. DRUMMER CONTEST
 Cicero, Chicago, IL

1-3 Chicago Workshop Weekend For Men Only
 Master & Slave Institute Into P.O.B. 3C23, Chicago, IL 6063

1-3 Men Only Training
 Masters and Slaves Training Institute, Chicago, IL

1-3 Mr. and Mrs. Alameda County Leather Contests
 Hayward, CA

1-3 Resurrection - Mr. and Mrs. Midstate Leather Contest
 Thundercloud Productions, Milwaukee, WI

1-3 Thoroughbred IV Run
 Bluegrass Colts Lexington, KY

1-4 Toronto Bear Weekend '97
 Toronto, Ontario, Canada

1-4 Western Canada Leather Pride
 Vancouver, BC

2 Balls 2 The Wall: Second Anniversary
 Twilight Guard, Westport, CT

2 Bearbug
 Dikke Monthes, Cafe de Company, Amsterdam

2 Club Night
 Trident Columbus, OH

2 Leather Fair
 Vancouver Leather Alliance, Vancouver, BC

2 Leather Pride Boot Party
 Men In Boots, Vancouver, BC, Canada

2 NEW ENGLAND MR. DRUMMER CONTEST
 Boston, MA

2 ROCKY MOUNTAIN/SW MR. DRUMMER CONTEST
 Denver, CO

2 SM Exploratorium and Dungeon Party
 Avator, Los Angeles, CA

2 Spank Night
 Sporting Club, North Hollywood, CA

2 Twist Party IV
 Dog Day Inn,温尼伯, 加拿大

2-4 Vancouver Gay Pride Weekend
 Vancouver, BC

3 Business Meeting
 Potomac Mt., The DC Eagle, Washington, DC

3 Education Forum

SWH, Seattle, WA

3 First Sunday Ride
 Leather Riders MC, Seattle, WA

4 Bar Night
 Potomac Mt., The DC Eagle, Washington, DC

6 Bar Night
 Potomac Mt., The DC Eagle, Washington, DC

6 Basic Rope Workshop

Dunkinger Productions, 7

1pm-Info: 4-5550-0222, San Francisco, CA

7-10 Leatherball Hill Weekend / Mr. Leatherman Toronto

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

7-10 The Leather Party 1997

MS, Hamburg, Hamburg, Germany

8 5th Annual Jack and Underwear Party

MS, Detroit, Detroit, MI

8 Cigar Beer Bust

EBC, Los Angeles, CA

8-10 Country Leather Weekend

Potato Warriors, New York, NY

9 Beer Bust

Wheeler's, San Diego Eagle, San Diego, CA

9 Kubus Rotterdam Bar Meeting

Bar De Bak, Rotterdam

9 Kubus Rotterdam Sauna Meeting

Sauna Spartacus, Rotterdam

9 FLORIDA MR. DRUMMER CONTEST

Ft. Lauderdale, FL

9 Public SM

Omaha Players Club, Omaha, NE

9 Seventh Initiation Ceremony

Men Of Discipline, New York, NY

9 Social Night

Menomore LLC, Wilmington, NC

9 WISCONSIN MR. DRUMMER / Cocktail Reception

South Water Street Docks, Milwaukee, WI

10 Bar Meeting

Netherbearz, Bar Le Shako, Amsterdam

10 Bear Bust

Avatar, Los Angeles, CA

12 Club Meeting

Knight Angels, Atlanta, GA

12 Club Meeting

Leather Knights, Dallas, TX

19 Intermediate Rope Workshop

Dunkinger Productions, 7

1pm-Info: 4-5550-0222, San Francisco, CA

19 Workshop / Demo

Ol A German Slave, CA

20-22 Solstice '97

Mohawk Men In Leather, Detroit, MI

21 Business Meeting

Defenders, Washington, DC

21 Club Meeting

Big Dutch, Eindhoven, Holland

15 Bar Night

Knights d'Orleans, New Orleans, LA

15 Club Night

Leather United, Chicago, IL

15-17 30th Anniversary Run

Constituents MC, Scranton, PA

15-17 Advanced SM-Gay

Buchmanns, Palm Springs, CA

15-17 Camelot IV

Leather Knights, Dallas, TX

15-17 Hide And See

MS, Bournemouth, Bournemouth, UK

15-17 International Mr. Fantasy Contest

Omaha, NE

15-17 Joint Club Run

Argonauts and Castaways, Milwaukee, WI

15-17 Leather Carnival '97

Enticer R, Providence, RI

15-17 Northwoods 1997

Argonauts and Castaways, Milwaukee, WI

15-17 Pennroyal River Run

MS, Melbourne, Australia

15-17 Wet & Wild '97

Lion Regiment Base

16 Bar Meeting

Circle Knights, The Club, Amsterdam

16 Dinner In The Sauna

Dance Masters, Amsterdam

16 Dungeon Play Party

Boston, Boston, MA

16 Meeting/Uniform Night

Men Of Discipline, New York, NY

16 Motorcycle Bar Night

Ramblers, Eindhoven, NL

16 Pool Party

Institute of Leather Culture, OH

16 Trail Ridge Road Run

RAM, CO

16-17 Gay and Lesbian Pride

Orange County, CA

17 Club Meeting

Leather United, Chicago, IL

19 Bar Night

Leather Knights, Dallas, TX

19 Intermediate Rope Workshop

Dunkinger Productions, 7

1pm-Info: 4-5550-0222, San Francisco, CA

19 Workshop / Demo

Ol A German Slave, CA

20-22 Solstice '97

Mohawk Men In Leather, Detroit, MI

21 Business Meeting

Defenders, Washington, DC

21 Club Meeting

Big Dutch, Eindhoven, Holland

21 Club Meeting

Big Dutch

26 Sauna Day
Big Dutch, Sauna Jugu, Lede-gondstraat 1, Eindhoven, Holland
26 Social
Rubber Corps, San Francisco, CA
26 Social Meeting
Suncoast Leather Club, St Petersburg, FL
26-28 4th Anniversary Weekend
NLA, Toronto, Toronto, Ontario
26-28 25th Anniversary Run
Atoms of Minneapolis, MN
27 Basic Rope Workshop
Darkangel Productions, 1-4pm, Info. 415-550-0122, San Francisco, CA
27 INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER CONTEST
San Francisco, CA
27 Leather Pride Party
5 Association, San Francisco, CA
27 Meeting
Big Dutch, Eindhoven, Holland
28 Folsom Street Fair
SAFIL, San Francisco, CA

OCTOBER

1 Bar Night
Potomac MC, DC Eagle, Washington, DC
3-5 Love And Leather
Anvil Dungeon, Atlanta, GA
11 Bearhug
Dikke Mothes, Cafe de Company, Amsterdam
4 Spank Night
Spanking Club, North Hollywood, CA
4-6 Leather University: Dungeon 201
Ft. Lauderdale Leather Guild, Ft. Lauderdale, FL
5 Business Meeting
Potomac MC, DC Eagle, Washington, DC
5 California Eagles MC
SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA
5 Social
Rubber Corps, San Francisco, CA
6 Bar Night
Potomac MC, Mr. P's, Washington, DC
8 Basic Rope Workshop
Darkangel Productions, San Francisco, CA
9-12 Living In Leather XII
National Leather Association, Portland, OR
10 Cigar Beer Bust
EBC, Los Angeles, CA
10 Tom's Leather Ball II
Dunning Black & Blue Weekend, Montreal, Canada
10-12 Leather Carnival '97
ICON Detroit, Detroit, MI

10-12 Straight Session
Butchmann's, Palm Springs, CA
11 Bar Night
Waterboys, San Diego Eagle, San Diego, CA
11 Bowling Tournament
Dikke Mothes, Bowling Center Knip, Amsterdam
11 Kubus Rotterdam Bar Meeting
De Bak, Rotterdam
11 Kubus Rotterdam Sauna Meeting
Sauna Sporticus, Rotterdam
11 Meeting/Uniform Night
Men Of Discipline, New York, NY
11 SM 101
Omaha Players Club, Omaha, NE
11 Social Night
Menomore LLC, Wilmington, NC
12 City Swing Bear Bust
SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA
16 Business Meeting
Defenders, Washington DC
17 Bar Night
Knights of Malta, SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA
17 Bar Night
Leather United Chicago, IL
17-19 San Francisco Workshop Weekend For Men Only
Master & Slova Institute, Info. POB 13023, Chicago, IL 60613
17-21 EBMC (European Big Men's Convergence)
Girth & Mirth Belgium, Brussels
18 Bar Meeting
Dikke Mothes, Cafe La Shoko, Amsterdam
18 Bar Night
BC Bears MC, Binghamton, NY
18 Bar Night
Potomac MC, Baltimore Eagle, Baltimore, MD
18 Cal Eagles Meeting
SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA
18 Dinner In The Sauna
Dikke Mothes, Amsterdam
18 Los Angeles County Leather/Fetish Awards
Los Angeles, CA
18 Meeting/Uniform Night
Men Of Discipline, Washington DC
19 Club Meeting
Leather United Chicago, IL
19 Phoenix UC Bear Bust
SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA
21 Workshop / Demo
OCIA, Garden Grove, CA
22 Monthly Meeting
Avatar, Los Angeles, CA
23 Fantasy Fest Party
Key West Wreckers, Key West, FL
24 Club Meeting
Big Dutch, Sauna Jugu, Eindhoven, Holland
24 Big Dutch 'Afdakkerij'
Big Dutch, The Queenspub, Eindhoven, Holland
24 Sauna Day
Big Dutch, Sauna Jugu, Lede-gondstraat 1, Eindhoven, Holland

25 Annual Meeting
Suncoast Leather Club St Petersburg, FL
25 Bar Night
Defenders, Baltimore, MD
25 Big Dutch Meeting
Big Dutch, Eindhoven, Holland
25 Dungeon Party
The 15 Association, San Francisco, CA
25 Halloween Party
5 Association, San Francisco, CA
25 Writing Erotic Stories
NLA, Toronto, Toronto, Ontario
25-27 International Dr.
Weekend
Vancouver BC
26 SHMULE Bear Bust
SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA
29 Leather University
Leather United Chicago, IL
29 Pumpkin Carving Contest
SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA
30 Leathers & Feathers
SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA
31-Nov. 2 "Kubus 9"
The Arena, Amsterdam
31-Nov. 2 Prowl IX / "Nine Lives" Daddy/boy
Panther L/L, Rosendo Downtown, Atlanta, GA
31-Nov. 2 Sweatin' Bullets
Palm Springs Leather Order of the Desert, Cathedral City, CA
31 MR. DRUMMER EUROPE
The Arena, Amsterdam

NOVEMBER

1 Bearhug
Dikke Mothes, Cafe de Company, Amsterdam
1 Mr. Palm Springs Leather Coward
Palm Springs, CA
2 Business Meeting
Potomac MC, DC Eagle, Washington, DC
2 Constantines Fall Field Meet and Bear Bust
SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA
3 Bar Night
Potomac MC, Mr. P's, Washington, DC
7 Cigar Beer Bust
EBC, Los Angeles, CA
8 Bear Bust
Waterboys, San Diego Eagle, San Diego, CA
8 Head Trips
Omaha Players Club, Omaha, NE
8 Kubus Rotterdam Bar Meeting
Box De Bak, Rotterdam, Holland
8 Kubus Rotterdam Sauna Meeting
Sauna Sporticus, Rotterdam, Holland
8 Meeting/Uniform Night
Men Of Discipline, New York, NY
8-10 Mr. Maryland
COMMAND, Baltimore, MD
9 Bar Meeting
Netherbears, Le Shoko, Amsterdam
9 San Francisco Bear Bust
SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA
10 Bar Night
Defenders, Washington DC
14 Salute to Veterans Uniform Party
ICON Detroit, Detroit, MI
14-16 Black Rose X
Black Rose, Washington DC
14-16 Gay Session I
Butchmann's, Palm Springs, CA
15 Bar Meeting
Dikke Mothes, Cafe La Shoko, Amsterdam
15 Bar Night
BC Bears MC, Binghamton, NY
15 Cal Eagles Meeting
SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA
15 Dinner In The Sauna
Dikke Mothes, Amsterdam
15 Meeting/Uniform Night
Men Of Discipline, Washington DC
16 Gay Softball Team Bear Bust
SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA
18 Workshop / Demo
OCIA, Garden Grove, CA
20 Business Meeting
Defenders, Washington DC
21 Bar Night
Knights of Malta, SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA

Field Glasses. Left Pocket.

BY ROBERT DAVOLT

The first time I visited San Francisco, I stayed in the back room of a traditional Victorian in the Castro that looked over a pocket garden to the backs of several other buildings. The day before I was to leave, I was napping, exhausted from the night before and preparing for the night to come. The windows were wide open to catch the afternoon breeze, and I was covered only by a thin sheet.

Halfway between dreaming and waking, with a sleepy hardon tenting the sheet, I became aware of an audience. Across the alley looking right into my window, was the naked figure of a man staring and stroking. The sight of his obvious interest stirred my cock even further, and soon I was matching him stroke for stroke.

It was a long, slow, languid jacking off - me watching him, him watching me. Neither one of us wanted to be the first to cum.

An intense climax came suddenly and unexpectedly. When I opened my eyes, he was gone.

I like to watch. I like to be watched. I like to have the VCR going even with the hottest man. I like groups of men that fill my eyes along with my other senses. I like to watch them lose control, watch their eyes roll back in their heads, to feel the semen rise in them at the same time as it rises in me. I feel each of them spurting and as they shoot, I shoot. It is sensory overload, I can't help but cum again and again.

I remember countless dark spaces.



Torsos, dicks, pecs, asses fading in and out of view. Sometimes I was the center of attention, a prop in the fantasies of others and sometimes I stayed in the shadows, resting and getting off on the show that played before me. Where ever there was light, there was the sight of sweat and muscle straining to unload and out of the darkness came the sound of skin against skin and the moans of men in heat. The air crackled with sex. The fucking was great, but it was the sights and sensations that burned permanently in my memory.

Watching can tell you much about a man. A keen observer can pick out tell-tale details to indicate personality, background and breeding. His clothes, his movements, his habits tell you about what kind of conversationalist he is before he even utters a word. Watching a man in the throes of an orgasm, however, can tell you much, much more.

The voyeur adds an element of

fantasy to mere observation. Watching the guy at the gym shift his balls around in his jock, you imagine him feeding that sweaty cock down your throat. Glimpses of bare flesh through a window blind become a hot, sticky scene. The mind fills-in the missing pieces. Shadows and distance add a few inches to the dick, take a few pounds from the waist, smooth out wrinkles and fill in hair. Voyeurism can be the visual equivalent of listening to half a phone conversation.

As in any fantasy, reality has nasty habit of interfering. The bare flesh in the window turns out to be a very unattractive blob just watching Wheel of Fortune in his underwear. That gym-stud turns out to possess a voice like Gracie Allen.

The rules of safe sex for voyeurs involves avoiding arrest, injury and reality. You can look, but don't look too deeply.

I'll be seeing you.

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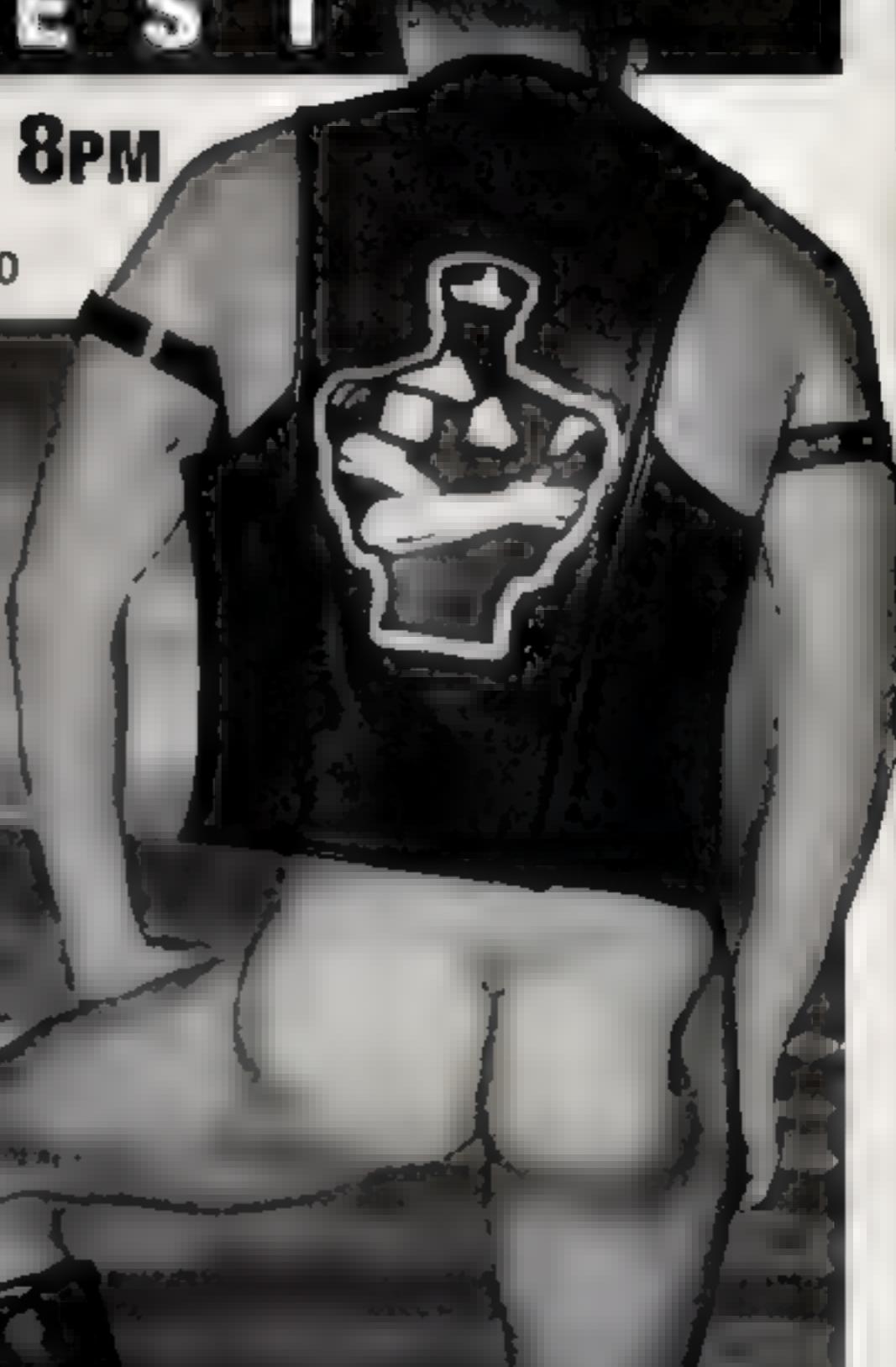
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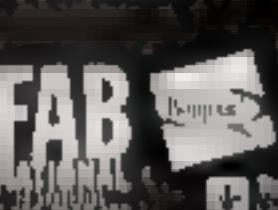
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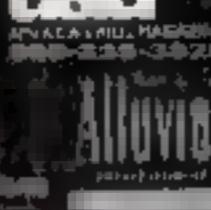
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Tom's Leather Ball
Friday, October 10

MEDLEY

DJ David Knapp (Miami)

Military Ball

Saturday, October 11

METROPOLIS

DJ Sylvain Girard (Montreal)

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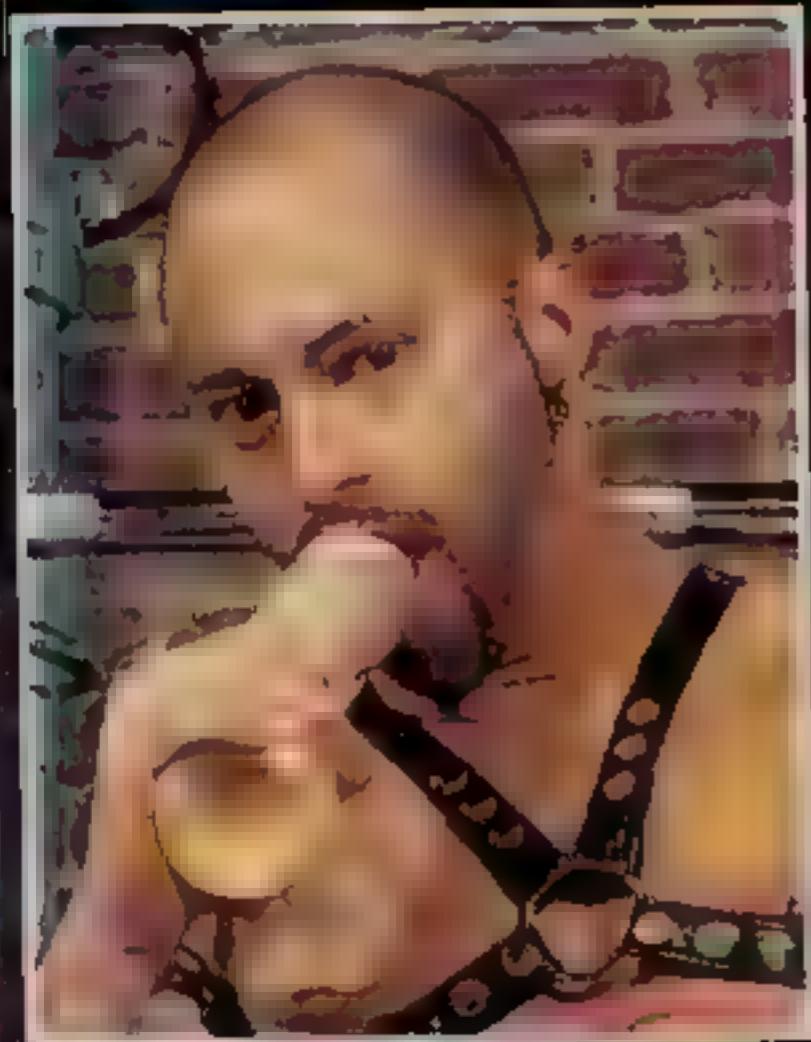
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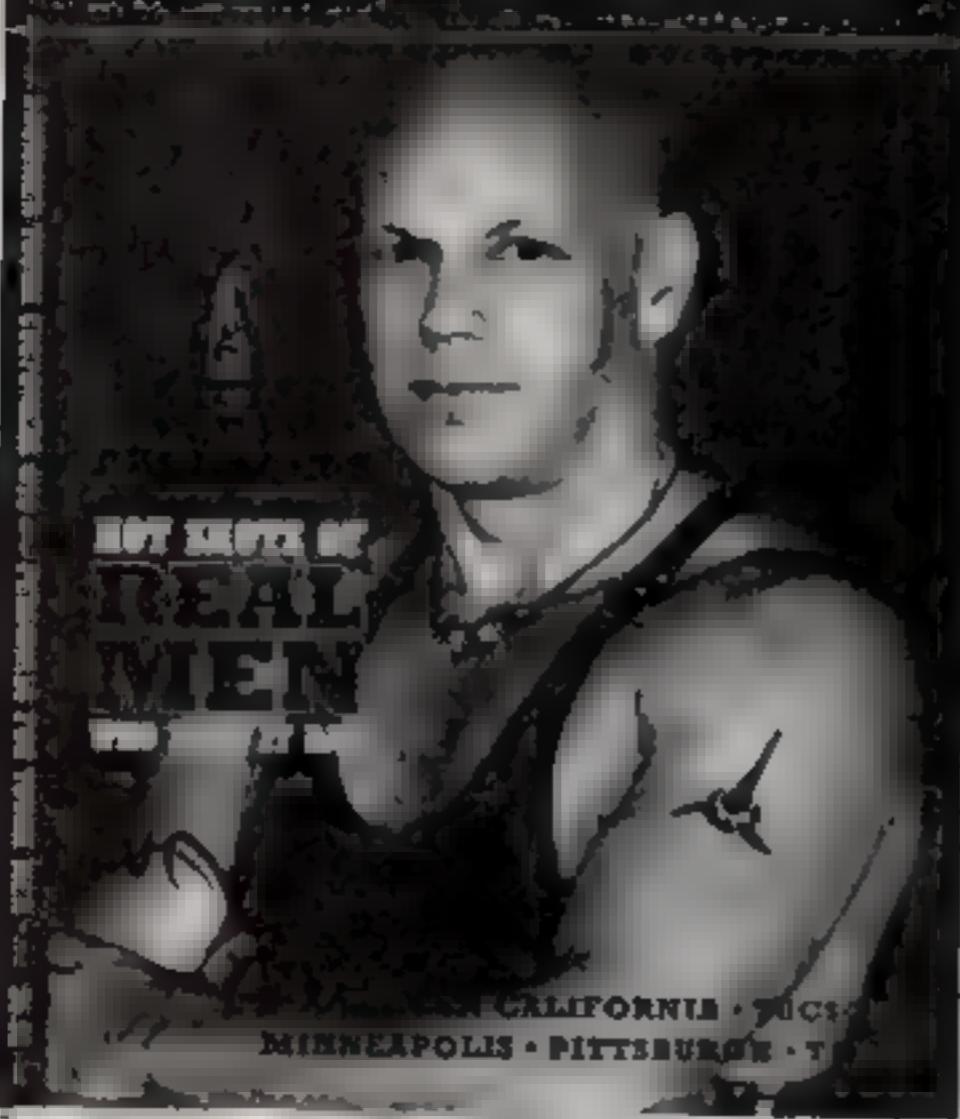
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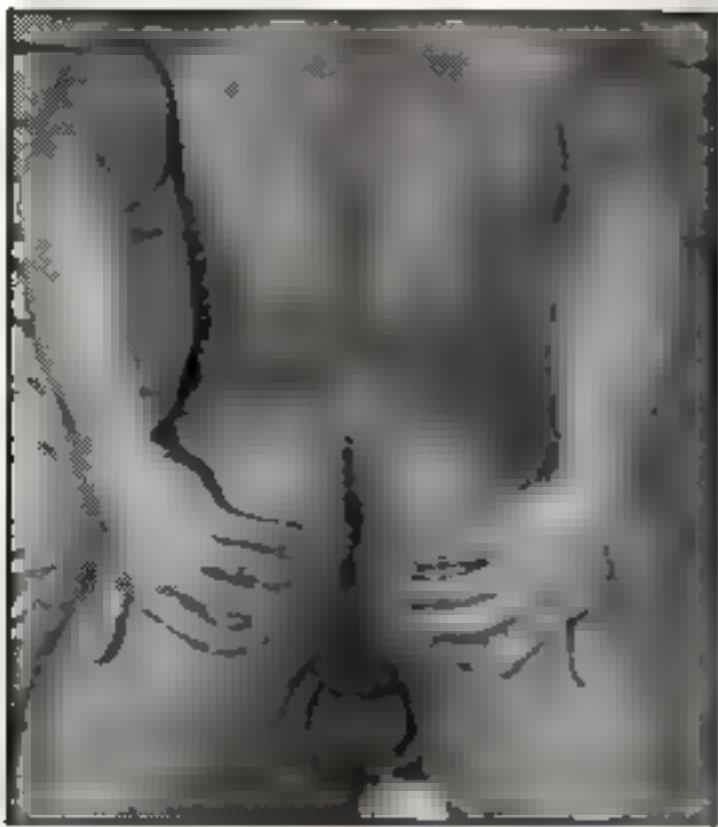
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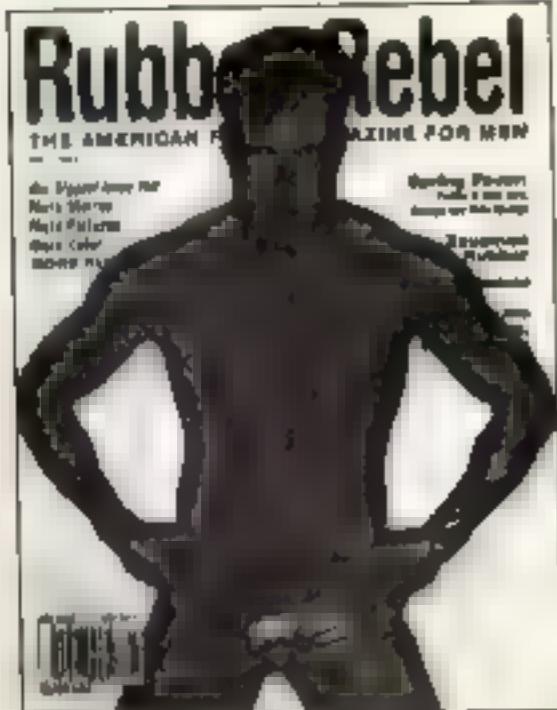
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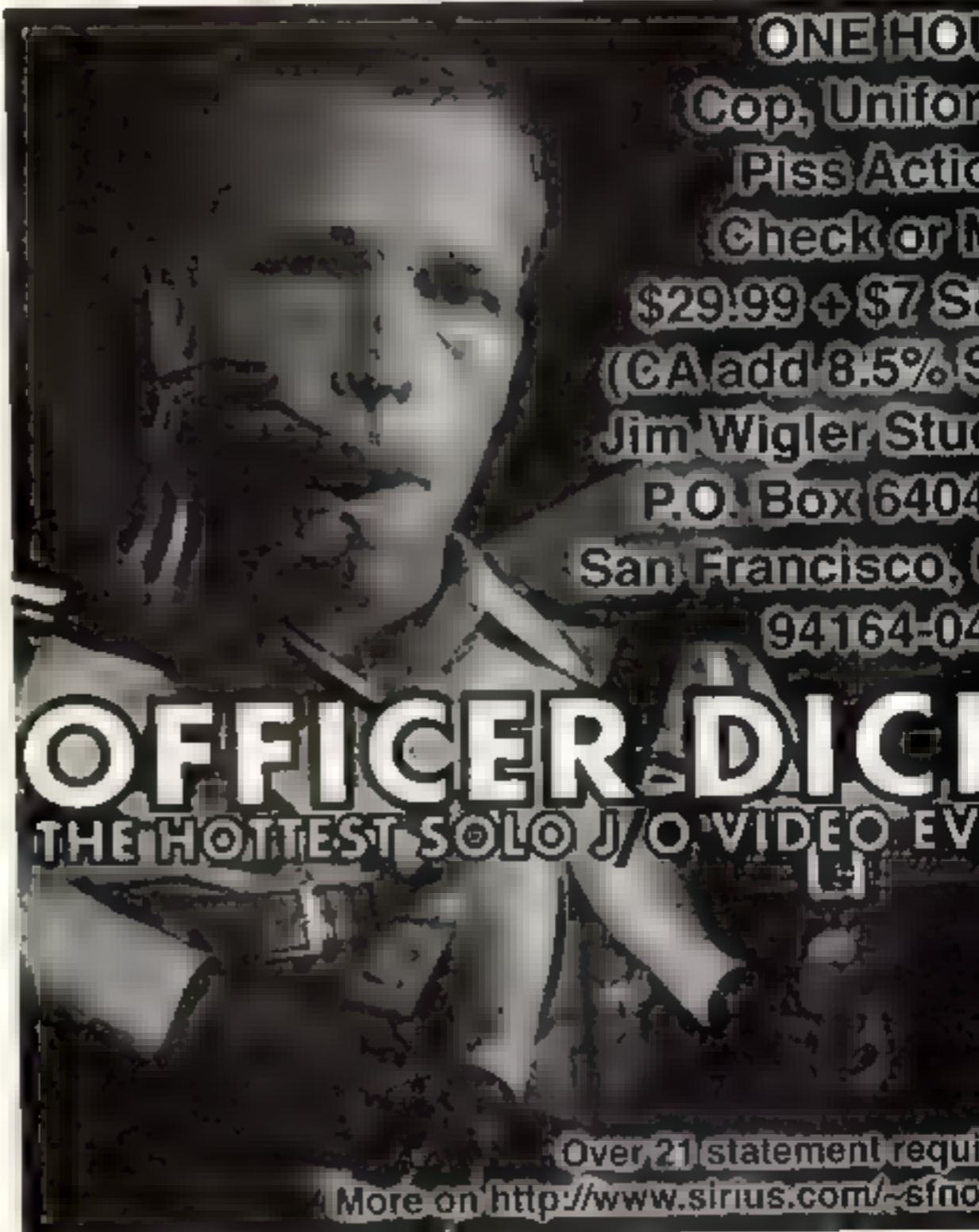
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